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THINKING BIG

If naturism is ever going to really grow, it's up to naturists to think positive, and to think about expansion. And yet you can often detect a reluctance on the part of naturists to advertise, to be bold and to really encourage others to join them.

We at H & E are sometimes accused of being commercial, (is this really a dirty word?), and yet we probably do more to spread the word of naturism than any other magazine or organisation.

We're to be seen on book-stalls, on naturists' clubs coffee tables and in homes all over the world. We aim to inform and entertain. We cater for as wide a range as possible. And we sell hundreds of thousands of copies.

You can't please everybody all of the time, and sometimes we're criticised for including a particular article. But we're reaching as many people as possible, and must cater for as many tastes as possible.

Sure, we're a commercial organisation. Only by selling lots of copies can you reach lots of people. There is little point in remaining small, and hidden. Most people don't know a good idea until you hit them on the head with it. We aim to keep bashing away.

But we do like to hear from you. Only by getting response from readers can we be sure we're on the right tracks.

Kate Sturdy

THE 85th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely independent. We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist and naturist scene. This includes the wider world, where nudity and naked living are now accepted. We believe in the cause of social nakedness and intend to promote it. We offer a wide platform so all may speak. We believe

in tolerance and an open mind to all aspects of naturism. For this reason, the opinions expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the editor.

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RENAISSANCE AT SHEPLEGH COURT

IT was getting dark. The car's generator was dead. The battery was almost flat. Anywhere near the tourist town of Dartmouth is crowded; even in late summer. We went from place to place, almost begging a room.

Time was running out. We saw ourselves spending a night by the roadside. Then we saw the sign pointing to Blackawton — our destination.

Hurrying down the narrow lanes we finally curved around a corner to almost run into the bar of the Normandy pub.

'Yes,' said one of the charming young owners. 'we do have a room.' 'And yes,' said her husband, 'we can help you charge up your battery.'

Not long ago Sheplegh Court, just outside the village of Blackawton in South Devon, was famous throughout the country. A splendid mansion set in splendid grounds it commanded the respect, admiration and even envy of naturists everywhere. But recently we heard disturbing rumours that all was not well. So we set out to discover the truth for ourselves. Travel editor Murray Wren reports on a recent visit. Ignore the rumours!

'A pint of local bitter — what about Blackawton ale then?' he said as he pulled a frothy beer.

The welcome couldn't have been better. The atmosphere was friendly and delightful and best of all we were safe for the night.

Next morning we asked about Sheplegh Court. Was it true that during the war it was the American Army Headquarters? Someone thought it might have been, but that was long ago. 'Some of the older residents might remember,' said one local. 'I was evacuated from London during the bombing, and I was too young to remember.'

So that war time episode, full of scurrying jeeps, 'Ike' Eisenhower and all his top brass had sunk into the history of this village leaving not a trace. For Sheplegh Court was indeed Ike's headquarters. Doubtless the Normandy invasion was planned here. And surely that was how the Normandy pub got its name.

Junction

Next morning we set out for the naturist grounds. You travel down the only street and after passing the post office, take the first road to the right. After a few hundred yards you come to a 'T' junction. Turn left here. At the next road junction turn left again passing a pink painted cottage on your right. At the next and last junction you turn right and keep right until you enter the gates of Sheplegh Court.

We parked and entered the main Hall. A guest pointed out the owner. He was busy installing a wood burning stove, but left off this work to look after us.

He is Douglas Cobbold. He is the new owner and together with his attractive wife Shirley and daughter Joanna, is busy night and day creating a new Sheplegh Court.

They have endless work ahead of them. Magnificent as Sheplegh Court Manor is, you could see it needed attention. But already major works of renovation are complete. Now Douglas can turn his hand to redecorating and overseeing the workmen who are constructing an entirely new swimming pool.

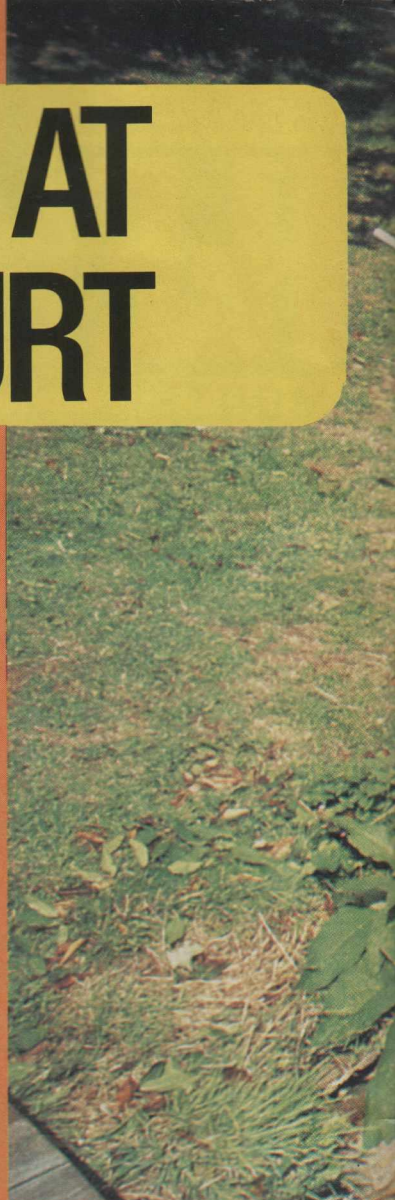
Even when we last visited Sheplegh, some nine years ago, the old swimming pool was not all that attractive. Now it is no longer and in its place is a brand new filtered and modern pool. It's nearly finished and will be ready for the summer of 1984.

Douglas has both general business experience and specialist knowledge of building work, so he is the ideal person to be in charge of the re-creation of Sheplegh.

Moreover he is not content just to re-create, he is brimming full of new ideas. For instance he plans activities around the new swimming pool. A childrens' centre. A mini shop. He plans a Sauna and a Spa pool. Those wonderful warm plunges that swirl and bubble around you. Great, even in a bathing costume



Joanna welcomes you to Sheplegh Court.





Life is never a drag at this naturist hotel.

— imagine what it's like in the nude.

But to my mind best of all, Douglas is planning to put more into naturism than just sunbathing.

Sunbathing and swimming are fine. I can enjoy it for hours. But eventually I get bored. I want something more. Well, at Sheplegh Court, there is more. It is set in beautiful countryside close to the coast.

Enchanted

You must visit Blackpool Beach at Stretre. Anything so far removed from the horrors of the Blackpool beach would be hard to imagine. This is an enchanted sweep of sandy beach cradled by green hills on both sides. White breakers roll in from the sea. Only one road leads in and out and as you plunge down to the sands you must park for a moment to admire what must be the most beautiful of English scenery.

You can't swim naked, but fear not. Nearby is Pilchards Cove. Once you walked for what seemed hours until you rounded the headland and could safely



strip. Every year that passes brings the nudes nearer and nearer the car park. So if you're not as young as once, don't give up Pilchards Cove. Try it. You'll find it's coming to meet you.

Another must is the nearby town of Dartmouth. Famous because of its Royal Navy College, it has much more to offer. Its shops will provide your every need. But that is nothing. The charm of the place lies in its cosy narrow streets, its steps which climb into lanes which lead up steep hills and its oddly-shaped ancient houses and buildings, one of which dates back to the 1300s.

Exploring

As the name implies, it's here the River Dart joins the sea. So you can take boat trips. But for me the real fun was exploring the lanes, footpaths and crowded buildings of the old town. A place not to be missed.

Further afield are other famous seaside holiday resorts. Sheplegh Court is ideally placed for you to visit them all.

Around Sheplegh's main building lie some 60 acres of landscaped lawns, woods and paths. You can never be crowded here. If it's your first naturist experience you can easily choose to be alone.



Many naturists keep returning to this elegant mansion.

Joanna told me that the favourite gathering places were near the tennis courts or the new pool. Both were sheltered from every wind.

But what if the weather is dull?

Sheplegh has its secret weapon. The Solarium. So far as I know it's the only resort in the world which can boast this amenity. It's simply a large glass house. Enter, close the door behind you and you will enjoy solar energy even on a dull day.

Upmarket

Sheplegh has always been a little upmarket. You won't find tents. There are no caravans. If you are into camping or caravanning, Sheplegh is not for you. It's residential. Sheplegh Court is an hotel. The view from at least one of the bedrooms I inspected was breathtaking. You can see right across the valley of the grounds and all around. Full board is provided with table d'hôte and a la carte menus.

I said earlier that many find simple sunbathing a bore. Douglas Cobbold has found one answer — educational weekends. Don't let the word 'educational' put you off. This is no schoolday chore. Groups already planned include photography and painting. A professional photographer and lecturer from a local art college will provide the guidance. Just imagine the fun of learning figure photography in such beautiful grounds. There is even an indoor studio big enough to please the most demanding member.

Activity holidays are the 'in thing', and Sheplegh Court is geared up to take the lead in naturist circles. When the groups commence we will try to bring you a first hand report.

And by the way, if organised activity is not your thing, all you need to do is take a lone walk. More by accident than design, Sheplegh Court has become a wild life sanctuary. Say good morning to the fox in the car park, and good night to the badger set which comes alive at sunset. In between, delight in the variety and interest you will find on any of the various walks.

Accommodation

Early or late in the season you might find accommodation without any special difficulty. But our advice is to book. You will need at least a week to fully appreciate Sheplegh. So write for the latest information and holiday prices to Douglas Cobbold, Sheplegh Court, Blackawton, South Devon. TQ9 7AH. The telephone number is Blackawton 237.

There are two pubs in the village. Apart from the Normandy which we mentioned earlier there is the George. Both provide limited accommodation.

Further information

If you are planning a trip to Devon and would like further information contact: British Tourist Authority, 64 St. James's Street, London SW1.

For precise details on free beaches in Britain and Europe, read 'Free Sun' by Phil Vallack which is obtainable from good bookshops (£3.95) or mail order from Mercury, Freepost, Gloucester GL1 1BR (£4.50 inc. p&p).



Why not visit this new, refurbished hotel?



It's easy to look relaxed when everything's laid on at Sheplegh Court.

Naturists often find it much easier to chat to others on the beach.



NATURISM - THE POPULAR WAY

Naturists, by taking off their clothes present themselves openly to others, and usually their openness makes them popular. Perhaps the most important aspect is their ability to like themselves. Only then can people attain important goals. By Cedric Matthews.



Naturists often have open, friendly personalities.

IT'S a common habit to demean yourself in front of others — to be modest, to play down your achievements, to understate your worth.

It's something we learn culturally. Some countries take this more seriously than others. The Japanese, for example, have a different word for each relative depending on whether you're referring to your own relative or another's. For your own brother, sister etc., you use a derogatory word, as they are connected with 'your humble self'.

Most nationalities affect modesty to some degree. Yet when individuals let this affect their personal identity, although good manners dictate that you do not boast continually about yourself, a person who has a bad self-image is rarely popular.

But what is it that draws people to others? Some people just seem more likeable. It has much to do with being able to like yourself.

If you do not have that basic self-respect and self-liking, it is hard to extend this to others. It's impossible to aim for important goals, as an underlying disregard for your own worth will not help you function effectively.

To be able to like yourself, you must be open and accepting. To blame others for the fact that you are uneducated, or unattractive or have an inferiority complex is not helpful. It's more important to accept yourself as you are and then find possibilities for growth and development.

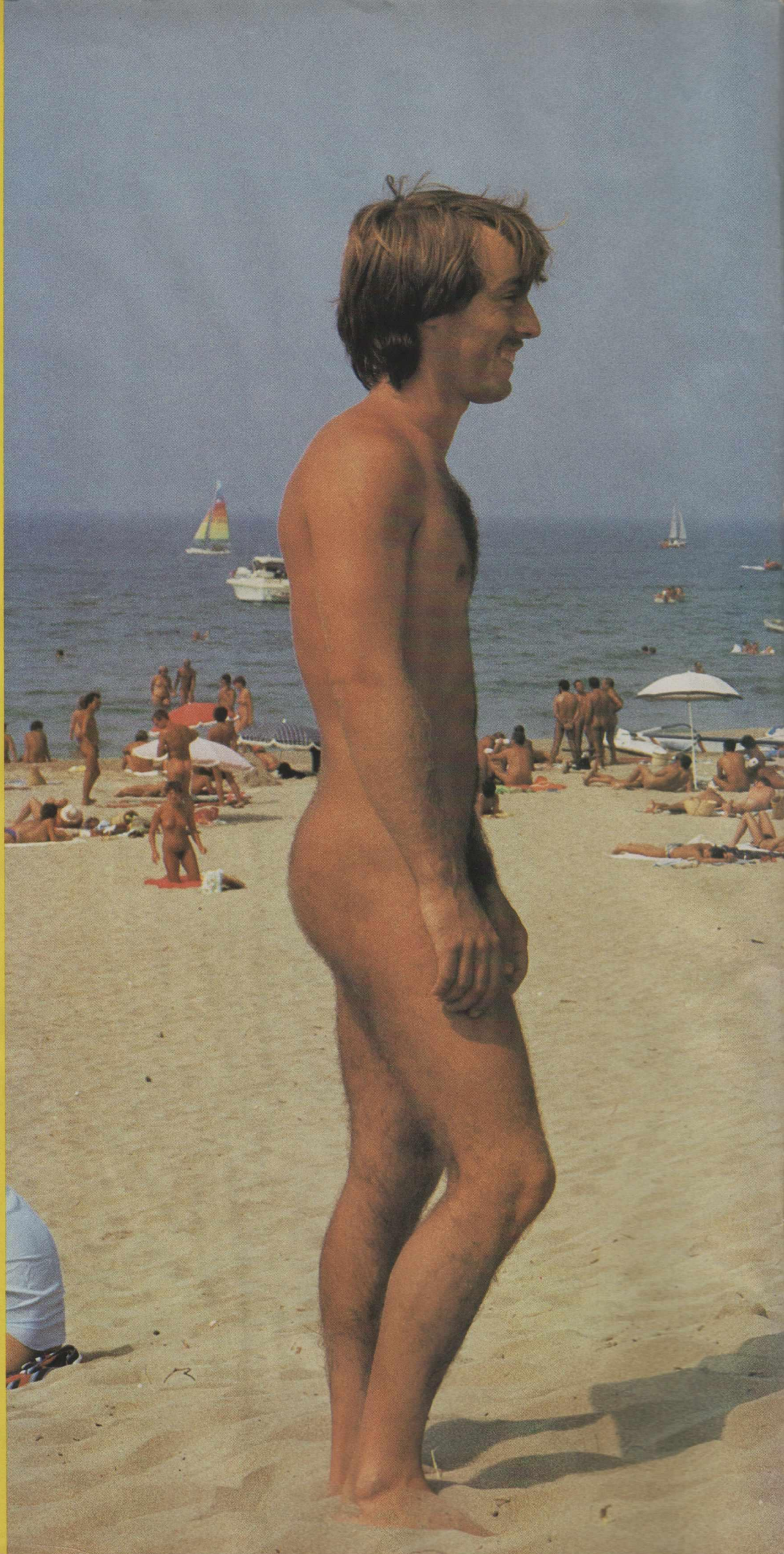
Not everyone can be rich, famous and talented, but everyone can be desired, popular, sought-after and content with life.

When you learn to find pleasure in your own company and strive for your own goals, it's easier to open out to others. By being at one with yourself, you can extend your good feelings to others and develop genuine interest and feelings of goodwill. Thus it follows they will like you more.

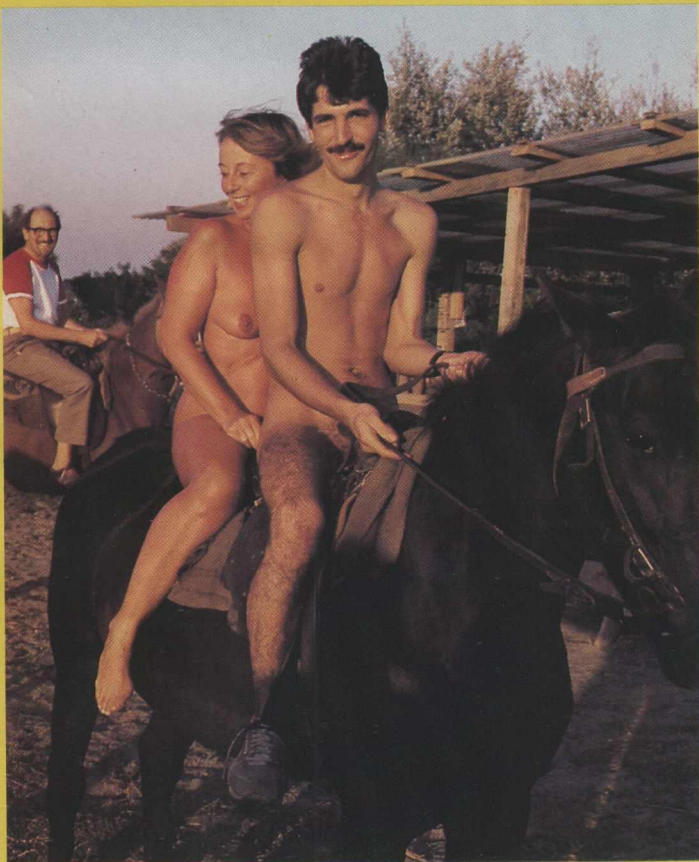
By being open to ideas and possibilities you can experience more enjoyment, and give it, too. It's important to be positive, to try to see why people do the things they do. You don't need a degree in psychoanalysis, but just an interested perspective.

You don't always have to agree with everything, but by being constantly open, it could inspire you to do something you've never considered before.

The naturist is usually one who accepts himself without a false image, and then offers himself as a desirable person, inviting others to like him and consequently making others feel good about themselves.







Chris and Steve, riding bare back-and-front.

**WE WERE CLOSE TO THE
BORDERLINE AT**

BOJANA BUNGALOWS

We still talk about it now — the H & E Sponsored Holiday to Ada Island. Kate Sturdy returned to the office full of weird and wonderful tales of what went on there. It certainly was a riot — so here's the full report (the censored version).



H & E holidaymakers were coming from all over Britain, arriving at Dubrovnik from Newcastle, Manchester and Gatwick.

Chris and I were setting off from Gatwick. I'd written to everyone saying we'd meet them at Bojana, but if they found us on the way, please introduce themselves. ('By the way, we've both got red hair,' I told them.)

So it was a very nervous-looking man we found behind us in the check-in queue. Fortunately, he'd sent us a photo of himself so I recognised him — but he seemed cautious. Apparently he'd been chatting up redheads all over Gatwick — only to receive some rather direct rebuttals!

Introductions were soon on the way, though, as others found us on the plane.

Bojana Bungalows are to be found on Ada Island Naturist Centre. This is right in the south of Yugoslavia. I'd chosen it as we were slightly off-season and I wanted to be sure of good weather.

We arrived. The lightning forked through the sky. The



Chris and Kate enjoying a familiar routine.



Making waves in the warm, blue sea.

thunder cracked angrily. Soaked through, we should really have stripped off on the spot and swum to the reception foyer, being H & E naturists, of course. But you just don't do that sort of thing, do you?

I must admit it was an alarming beginning. The storms caused an electricity failure, so our first meal was by candlelight which would have been romantic on any other night.

Fortunately, this weather simmered down and we began our two week stint of naked sunshine.

Ada Island is separated from the rest of Yugoslavia by a small estuary. A ferry, which looks like a huge raft pinned on two boats takes you across. Cars and coaches drive on, and the ferry waltzes in a circular movement elegantly crossing the water.

Visitors stay in various types of bungalows and eat in the central reception/bar/restaurant building. But that's not really the interesting part. Both the food and accommodation are quite satisfactory — but you don't go to Bojana to eat and sleep.

Possibly the major attraction is the long beach, clean, soft and sandy. It's probably the only beach in the country where you can't break your toes on rocks or pebbles.

Another bonus is that you can just wander out into the sea, with no danger of your feet meeting

dangerous and unknown objects down below. You just keep wandering until you gradually find yourself out of your depth.

Glistens

The sun glistens happily as you glide across the calm water. And when we went it was warm! None of this 'Go on, it's lovely, I dare you to go first' business. Just occasionally there was a current, but a guard came out with a red flag and strong arms to drag you out.

But no jelly fish or urchins waiting to spike you!

Our group found a spot to sunbathe bang in the middle of the beach. Perfect organisation — close to our bungalows, near enough to the snack bar and giving the men the greatest chance of eyeing up the buxom German girls!

We had to book full board. It seemed like we were always eating and drinking. Many couldn't be bothered to go to the restaurant for lunch so we feasted on grilled fish, cutlets and kebabs and salads in the open air snack bar. This meant no dressing and the pivos kept flowing.

Everything is cheap, of course, so an extra quid on lunch seemed worth it.

The nearest town was Ulcinj, a half-hour bus ride away. Off we'd go on market days to visit this old interesting little town.

Talk about a mixture of styles! Cars and trendy tourists brushed shoulders with old wrinkled ladies on donkeys, carrying a sack of cabbages to sell. Many were in the Moslem white headdress, and others were huge strong ladies in African dress carrying heavy pots on their heads.

Note I say women! Most of the men sat idly in cafes drinking Slivovitz or spitting out the grits of their Turkish coffees, watching the world — and their women walk by. Others would stare and wave unabashed whilst serving in shops or having a cut-throat shave in the local barbers.

As you approached the market stalls, they'd grab you in a variety of languages, 'Here, take a present home for the children. I sell you this very, very cheap.' Hustlers indeed. But most of the goods are cheap tat and not worth twopence.

As for our H & E group, they were a right bunch. And I mean that in the nicest possible way, of course. A greater mix of people you couldn't imagine. A laugh a minute. I'm sorry to be a disappointment, but I really couldn't reveal half the things that went on. My sense of propriety prevails, but it was all good fun.

Evenings used to start off in the restaurant for dinner, continuing in the bar, followed



by dancing to a live band on the terrace and then sloping off to the disco. There we'd stay till the end, when the waiter would blow the candles out and leave us to it.

The trouble was that wine was about the cheapest thing there — about £1 for a large jug — so why drink mineral water?

Formidable

Chris and I volunteered for ballroom dancing lessons as there seemed to be so many experts in our group. I'm really glad we wore clothes for the evening, otherwise there could have been some strange consequences. It was the bit about keeping your stomachs so close together you could hold a record between them that got me. Just imagine doing that nude!

It really was a relaxing holiday. Days spent in relative peace on the beach, wandering about completely naked and uncaring, with the lizards avoiding our feet at lunchtimes, and the bats above forming formidable silhouettes against the stunning sunsets later on.

Occasionally someone would stir themselves on to the

windsurfs and battle with the waves, whilst others fought battles on the tennis courts, or ride off on horseback.

At Ulcinj there were other naturist beaches. There was a ladies beach on one side, and then just further on we were amused by a signpost. It pointed towards two beaches. One side for 'nudists' — and the other for 'normal'!

Being completely abnormal we chose the former. It was small, on concrete slabs, but it made a change of scenery, anyway. Being a private beach we should have paid a fee (about 20p) but the man in charge, dressed in a sort of Sheriff's costume was so busy massaging oil into the backs of his lady visitors that he seemed to forget about us completely.

One night we went on a fish picnic. They organise these for tourists all over Yugoslavia, and frankly, they are merely an excuse for an atmospheric piss-up. And what's so wrong with that?

Off we all went, on this fishing boat. The accordion played and the tambourine rattled and the Yugoslavian ambience was soon



One of our party on Ulcinj's private beach.



More lazy mornings on coffee and pivo.



Lunchtime — when we couldn't be bothered to dress for the occasion.

conjured up. All of a sudden there was a momentous crash and the tambourine player landed on my lap.

We'd collided with a fishing boat. That was the first collision of many on that evening. We arrived on another part of the island — pitch black except for the light off the glowing bonfire and were greeted with slivovitz served in halves on green peppers. A nice original touch. I'd gone off slivo by then and kept pouring mine in the bonfire and gobbling up the peppers. But more kept coming my way.

Then they brought the fish and wine around. 'Red or white', they asked. Wondering what receptacle this would appear in I said 'White' — and an uncorked bottle was shoved in my hand. I certainly admired their sense of social niceties.

Dissolved

Soon we were all sozzled and the fun began. Silly sing-songs and daft games. Our group soon dissolved into the larger crowd and that particular patch of the woods swayed for most of the night.

At the end, those that couldn't stand were carried home in a van. Others found themselves in the hands of a mercenary local with a rubber dinghy. Whilst attempting to board this vessel, some managed to jump into the estuary. Others, including myself, refused to attempt it.

We wandered home on foot, bottles still in hand, with a crazy man who worked there, who raved manically about being in the Sahara (he meant Ada, surely?) and then how he just "larfed" being in England. What a flatterer! What a night!

Some of us decided we'd have a day off the booze and discover the countryside. We took what must be one of Europe's most interesting train journeys. This railway is built through a canyon second only to the Grand Canyon, USA. The scenery was quite awe-inspiring.

Then we drove through mountainous territory, looking down in the valley, and wishing we could actually go down there and see how the Yugoslavs really

live (the ones that are not employed in the tourist industry, that is).

Apparently, it is like being in the 18th century there. There are no creature comforts — no electricity, no roads, phones, nothing. They survive off the land, some people having never left the valley. If they are taken ill they must recover by their own devices, as there are no doctors or available help. It would be impossible to reach them in time.

This perhaps accounts for their fortitude; indeed many reach over a hundred years of age.

Tasty

Someone decided we should have a barbecue one night. Great idea! we thought at the time. But this was not so readily achieved. It isn't easy to acquire tasty provisions in these remoter parts of Yugoslavia. But we went off to market that morning and came back laden like the peasants with peppers (at the remarkable price of 30p a kilo), onions, tomatoes and potatoes. These, apart from cabbages were about all the salad goods you could get there.

We roamed the beach searching for firewood. I felt like stone-age woman dragging tree trunks behind me, clad in nothing. A fight almost ensued as some nude male came running out of the sunset towards us. We thought he was a Greek marathon runner, but in fact he was a German tourist accusing us of stealing his tree branch. He managed to retain it.

Then we acquired some fish. Some nice fresh fish which we gave to the two women in the group who'd offered to clean and fillet it.

'Fresh!' they screamed, an hour later. 'They're still alive and keep jumping out of the bath!' Well it was their idea.

But the fire glowed, and the



Maureen and Chriss, Marie and Ken, coupling up for the camera.



'Who's that swimming off to Albania?'

drink flowed, and by the time we had all eaten our roasted fish and potatoes, and got stuck into the wine it was turning into a great evening.

But I knew there'd be problems. I thought if we asked permission for the bonfire we'd get refused, so it was 'easier' to proceed in ignorance. But after we'd become rowdy and potentially unmanageable, a policeman came and told us we were committing a serious offence. Would we all be arrested? Or deported even? He seemed very grave.

Sharp

But one chap had a sharp idea. After a few swigs from a Glenfiddich bottle which he seemed reluctant to relinquish we ended up all good friends and even promised to dance with him at the disco. Such an amenable man.

But you really must be careful around there. When you're so close to alien land. It's quite possible to wander off, stark naked across the border country to Albania. And who knows what would happen to you when you get there.

It was a sad evening when we had to leave. As the ferry performed the last waltz, I thought of all the events and long days that occurred on holiday. I particularly enjoyed the company of Chris. She was the greatest fun on holiday, enter-



Kate propping up the rock at Ulcinj.

taining us constantly with tipsy tales and boisterous songs.

I also looked forward to my next holiday with Yugotours. They offer several holidays for naturists. We're having two more H & E holidays in Yugoslavia this year. Why don't you come too?

H & E HOLIDAY IN SEPTEMBER 1984

We're off to Mlini this September. It's a little seaside village near Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. We'll be staying in a hotel close to a popular naturist beach, so we'll be spending some happy days sunbathing there. Dancing and lots of fun in the evenings! Tempted? Here are the dates and basic prices (including half board):

15th - 29th September £308

15th - 22nd September £224

22nd - 29th September £213

Flights from Gatwick, Heathrow, Luton Manchester and Newcastle. For a booking form and further details, write to H & E Sponsored Holiday, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1 or phone Kate Sturdy on 01-236 4511.

COSTA

Where can you find some of the most attractive naturists, enjoy all the facilities of an upmarket hotel, yet feel fully comfortable, relaxed and entertained? Kate Sturdy visited the Costa del Sol, Spain and found all this, as well as sea, sand and glorious sun. She came back glowing with a sunny outlook.



The two heated swimming pools form the nucleus of Costa Natura.

NATURA



A Sophisticated Choice

WHERE would you recommend for a first-time naturist's holiday?

I'm always getting asked this. My immediate reply is usually, 'What difference does it make being a first-time? After that first five-minute strip, you should look for the same things as you would from any holiday.'

But nowadays I often just tell people to try Costa Natura. I say it with confidence. Having spent a few select and sunny days there, I think it's got the lot.

Just see where it's situated. On the southern coast of Spain, near Estepona. The sun shines all year round. (Alright, you do get the occasional cloud or shower, but people book their winter holidays there confidently, and usually come back having spent Christmas or winter lying by the sea, sporting a super tan.

For Europeans this is a bonus. There are few naturist places to turn to after October, and the alternative is a pocket-stretching trip to Florida or the Caribbean (not to be sniffed at but not cheap either).

So what will you find at Costa Natura?

I particularly enjoyed the ideal blend of natural living and international sophistication.

Take the basic set-up. All the apartments are artistically designed in the local Andalucian style — whitewashed pyramids of varying sizes containing different-sized apartments. These are surrounded by tropical flowers, specially cultivated to bring colour and beauty all year round. (In fact they won an award for their imaginative natural landscaping.)

All these apartments, though

rather rustic-looking outside, are well-designed, bright and tasteful. They surround the heart of the resort, the restaurant/bar/lounge and pool complex. This is where everyone congregates and meets naturists from all over the world.

The great thing about eating in Spain is the price. You can go mad on tasty, fresh seafood, or local specialities, and still have pesetas left for your souvenirs. Costa Natura is no exception. You can savour a good spread, and many do.

Although the apartments are all self-catering, there's no need to take this too literally. You can join the many who take several of their meals at the Costa Natura restaurant, and the rest at the tempting restaurants along the coast.

What's more, whilst the sun's

sending hot messages down your back, you don't have to don your sticky layers to eat. You can, of course, and some do, but most just plonk their towel on their seat, their napkin on their lap and get stuck in to their paella, steak, cool refreshing gazpacho or mussels, freshly plucked from the sea.

The constant dress-undress procedure which some places insist upon can be a nuisance. But here, I revelled in the luxury of leaving my apartment in the mornings, taking a few steps across to the pool for a dip (yes it is heated, all day and all year round), and just stepping out of the pool and into the restaurant for a wholesome breakfast. Clothes are usually worn in the evenings.

After an indulgent lunch, washed down by a bottle of wine



Enjoy that wonderful informal sense of freedom.

or a refreshing mixture of wine and juice freshly squeezed from a Spanish orange, you can spend the afternoon reviving in a number of ways. Either fall asleep by the pool, or sit on the beach, watching the waves gently lapping the edge.

But if you really are energetic, Costa Natura offers countless ways to keep you lean and lithe. You could ride the waves on a wind-surf, hire boats or pedallos, or do as I almost did and go water skiing.

It surely must be pleasurable to water-ski naked. Not that being bikini-less made any difference to me; as I was unable to even get going, I just looked that bit more undignified as my legs, arms and skis ended up in a tangled mess. But for the experts or even those with a remotest sense of balance, they're made.

Edible

If water sports make you hungry, you just have to harpoon a few sea urchins for a quick snack. You've got to know which ones though, but ask which ones are edible. All you have to do is slice them in half and scoop out the orange bits and eat them. Apparently these are the urchins' gonads (I bet you didn't know sea urchins had gonads, did you?). They're an acquired taste, but once you get hooked, they slip down a treat. The Japanese use them a lot in their sushi bars. Some say they're an aphrodisiac, but whether they worked on me is my secret.

If the sea is not your perfect playground, there are tennis courts, table tennis, volleyball, yoga classes, and various other games going on, some organised, others spontaneous.

Or you can idle your hours away by building sandcastles on the beach. One word of warning — don't be put off by the colour of the sand — it's grey. This is not dirty, just typical of the Costa del Sol sand colouring.

The marvellous thing about Costa Natura is the lack of pressure. Everything's there if you want it. You can spend the day actively, and revel in lively entertaining evenings around the bar or just spend the days flat out under the sun with a quiet evening, as many do.

Costa Natura is in an excellent position. You can pop into Estepona for a drink, or a browse around the local flea market. Or go further along to Marbella, the elite of Spanish towns. Promenade along Puerto Banus, which has been compared to St. Tropez. Marvel at the magnificent sailing boats harboured there. Water-palaces if ever I saw



The warm sandy beach at Costa Natura.

one. Buses run regularly along the south coast, and taxis don't cost the earth.

Those that wish to explore further can take excursions to Gibraltar, Granada, Seville and other interesting places. Hop over to Tangiers for the day, or hire a helicopter (and pilot if you wish) and get an aerial view of the local beautiful countryside.

Modern

Some visitors hire cars for their holiday, but I'm assured they don't make enough use of them. The lure of this modern naturist complex is very strong, and most spend their days there.

I think this is because of the friendliness of the people — and also the standard of service. The management run the resort on hotel lines — this means a great attention to detail and comfort. Maid service, laundry service, whatever service you want — it's all here — and they're keen to cater to requests. They like naturists. The management have had vast experience in the hotel business, but they remarked upon how courteous and pleasant naturist clients are.

Costa Natura is almost three years old and is functioning as a small, friendly resort. Within the next few years it will have expanded, to include further facilities such as hairdressers, gift shops, cinema, sauna, further swimming pools — even an ecumenical church! Yet they



Relax outside your own apartment.

aim to maintain that personal atmosphere.

Efficient

I tried to think of any improvements to the resort, but they've really thought of everything. One thing that would please the British holidaymakers would be the opening of the Gibraltar/Spain border. Flights to Gibraltar would mean a very short transfer time to Costa Natura. But as it is, you can fly to Malaga which is only an hour's drive away, and Costa Natura run an efficient transfer service — whatever time of day or night you arrive.

Costa Natura has provided a full holiday experience for a couple of years now, but there are still further apartments planned. At the end of the year, construction of ninety more apartments begins. By late summer, visitors will be able to indulge themselves in a jacuzzi and also a sauna. However, any construction works will be planned to cause as little disruption to holidaymakers as possible. Some have hardly noticed any building work going on!

Costa Natura could be recommended for everyone, whether you're a family group, single, or a couple. It must be one of Europe's most upmarket resorts — but still within the reach of most holidaymakers.

Further Information

If you wish to rent an



Kate enjoying lunch with Costa Natura management and other interested parties.

apartment direct, write to: Costa Natura, KM 157 Carretera de Cadiz, Estepona (Malaga), Spain. Tel: (52) 80 15 00. Telex: 77607 NCDS.

Package holidays can be arranged by: Eden Holidays Ltd., 47 Brunswick Centre, London WC1. Tel: 01-837-4828.

Peng Travel, 86 Station Road, Gidea Park, Essex RM2 6DB. Tel: 04024 71832.

Several visitors liked it so much they decided to invest in it. You can rent, buy or time-share apartments. In 1983 apartments ranged from £18,500 for a

4-person apartment to £36,500 for an apartment for five, depending on situation, etc.

Rental of apartments cost from £5.53 per day for a 2-person apartment in low season to £36.80 per day for a 6-person apartment in high season.

Two types of apartment are available for time-sharing. An apartment for four would cost approximately £2,200 for two weeks for the rest of your life. An apartment for five persons would be in the region of £4,000 for two weeks every year for the rest of your life.

If you are interested in time-sharing, rental or purchasing an apartment in Costa Natura, contact: Costa Natura, 29 Broughton Road, Fulham, London SW6 2LE. England. Telephone: 01-736-7885.

Costa Natura, Feld Brunnenstrasse 7, 2000 Hamburg 13, Germany. Tel: 040-4421 44 or 040-44 93 55.

Costa Natura, Seefeldstrasse 1, CH 6048, Horw, Luzern, Switzerland. (Tel: 041-47 1818). or Costa Natura, Briekhoekstraat 8, 8670 Wervik, Belgium. (Tel: 056-31 1942).



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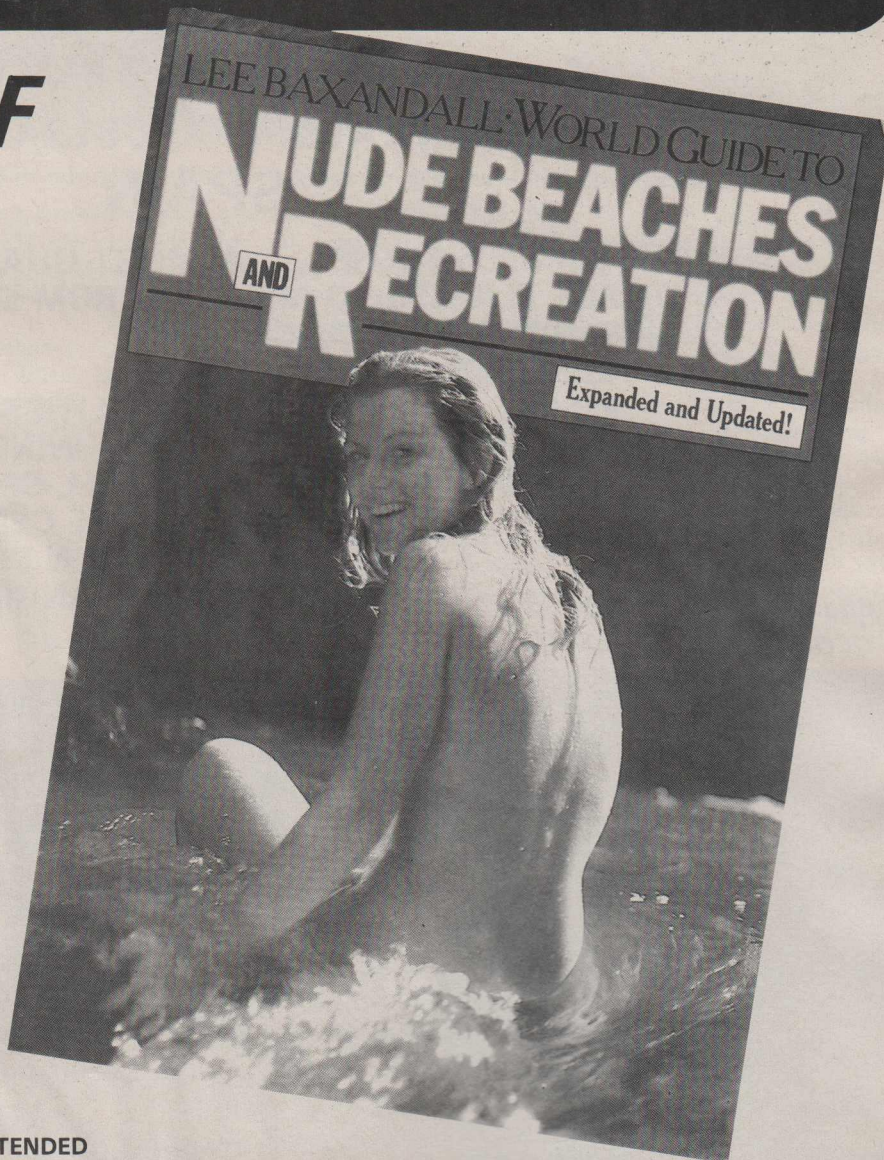
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Sneaky Streakers

I OFTEN wonder how many people there are throughout the country, who, as soon as they find themselves on their own, rip off their offending garments and gleefully run around their houses, or gardens if they're lucky, revelling in their nudity; only to return hastily at the first sound of footsteps to their hated clothes. Many correspondents seem to live a Jekyll and Hyde life:

'I came across your magazine during the year, and started reading about nudism. I am male, in my 60s, but over the years have been keen on going nude. However, living in a terraced house, there's not much chance of privacy. And my wife does not like me going nude, though I often am when I'm on my own.'

So all's not well with you and naturism? Want something sorted out? Write to Diana for a personal, down-to-earth reply. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope. Write to Diana Roseman, H & E 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.

Maybe your wife does not like you being nude simply because she's not used to the idea? Maybe the first couple of times you suddenly appeared starkers she felt a little unnerved. How about getting out of bed naked (assuming you have been sleeping nude) and then just continuing to get breakfast without resorting again to your togs? That way it'll

create some air of continuity, and is less daunting than doggedly stripping off in the middle of the day.

One of the major problems of a first visit to a sun club or beach seems to be just when and how to take one's clothes off! One doesn't want to draw attention to oneself, neither does one wish to seem reticent; it seems so hard

just to act naturally.

The next writer's wife has advanced one step up the ladder, and he's hoping to give her that last shove (up the ladder, not off it, I hasten to add):

'My wife and I are both in our early sixties, and I don't think I'm too old to become a naturist, but my wife is only just thinking about going topless. We both saw practising nudists in a B.B.C. film which had shots of people in the supermarkets in Agde, in the South of France, I think. I know from an old H & E Quarterly that a film called 'Travelling Light' was made about 1950, and I think 'Sun-swept' was shown in 1962. Were copies made in 8mm. film?



Take a different viewpoint and stand up for your ideas.

'I'm afraid of shocking other people on the beach. I want to be discreet. I want to be the same as others.'

Could I get a copy of them or other naturist films? If my wife and perhaps my married daughter could see such films perhaps I could persuade them to shed their clothes and spread the gospel.'

Sorry, but as far as I know, copies of the films to which you refer are not available. However, someone somewhere must have taken loads of 8mm films on free beaches, or at a club open day. How about a small ad in the back of H & E asking if anyone's got any? Alternatively, if you can stretch to a video, there are several about now of naturist activity. Ads. for them are also to be found in the back of the magazine sometimes.

However, as you mention that your wife has already seen the BBC film, and that did not convince her at the time, I should not hold out too strong a hope of any other film doing so, especially if you procure it for that exact purpose. What about a trip to a place near a 'free' beach, where you can all walk along and see for yourselves?

Incidentally, you are absolutely right that you're **never** too old to become a nudist — some of the stalwarts of the sun clubs are miles older than you, and still enjoying every minute of their naturism. In fact, some of the clubs would grind to a halt without their enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm

Talking about enthusiasm, here's a bit of a letter from a younger chap who wrote in for information and has never looked back. I quote it to encourage you all (and apart from that, it flatters me!):

'I would like to say thank you for your pages in H & E. The fact is I simply yearn to strip off and abandon myself to the sun, and the elements, it really relaxes me and helps me through the dark days of winter — though those days don't seem so bleak now there are saunas and jacuzzis.'

But my first 'love' is the sunshine during summer, so when I read of the Singles Outdoor Club, in your column, I thought 'That's for me'. Who knows, I may even meet a female who embraces the same ideas as I, and certainly I shall make new friends.

I took courage, applied to the CCBN office and this morning the post brought my membership card. I understand there are clubs that are willing to let CCBN

members (single too) who are not club members into their grounds. Well, all I can say is that I am really looking forward to this summer, and now I can let my body greet the sun in the company of fellow believers . . . and all because of people like you who through articles in H & E keep up the spirit of single males like me, who once thought they were condemned to a way of life going nude in some remote wood, field or glade. Thank you, Diana.'

And I know that he has already enjoyed some brotherly naturism with the Singles Club (not much sisterly naturism yet, though). For those who want the address, write to Central Council for British Naturism, Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton, NN1 1LL., for details. And there are other singles' organisations springing up all the time now — keep your eyes open for information in H & E small ads.

Regular readers may recall last

month a man wrote in worried about reactions to his tattoos. Well, fashions come and fashions go, but here's a fad I've never heard of before:

'Perhaps you have heard before about infibulation and about intimate jewellery worn in your sexual parts? Do you think that they are O.K. in naturist circles? I'm afraid of shocking other people on the beach, I want to be discreet. I'm sure my infibulation will cause remarks and questions, but I think that I show my love for my girlfriend by wearing it (only she has the ability to take it off). But do I risk mocking smiles and pity?'

Inconspicuous

Yes, I have seen intimate jewels — rings through the nipple and the labia (makes you wince, doesn't it?). But on men, I haven't.

Infibulation, for those who haven't already pored over the dictionary, is the practice of confining one's sexual parts with a clasp. The strangest of pictures come to my mind. Is it like a wooden box? A tube? Metal underpants? As I'm afraid I have no direct knowledge of the practice, I can't comment whether naturists would be shocked or not. If it's a fairly inconspicuous device, then I reckon you'd get some odd looks, but nothing more.

Yet you ask if you risk 'mocking smiles or pity'. Seems to me that you may not be as happy with your own infibulation as you would pretend — are you sure you're entirely content to be at your girlfriend's mercy? Have you suggested to her she gets locked up by you as well? I wonder if she'd be as keen on her 'attachment'.

Here's a correspondent who's not sure if his attachments are going to work properly when he does use them:

'An old friend is faced with an unusual problem. He is now 62, and was married in the war to a lovely girl who bore him two sons. His wife was killed in a crash, and since then he has eschewed all romantic attachments. Now, he has become friendly with a very fine young woman in her mid-twenties who has in no uncertain terms expressed a wish not only for matrimony but for a family as well. He has been virtually celibate for the past 26 years and now doubts his capacity for fatherhood. Any views on the matter?'



I'm ignorant as to the effect of 26 years' celibacy on one's ability to father children, though I think it does not unduly affect it. On this point, why not persuade your friend to go to a G.P. to give a clear answer?

Possible

However, though you say he has been 'virtually' celibate, it seems on the cards to me that perhaps over the years he has masturbated occasionally? This in itself is quite adequate to keep everything in good working order! So, although one's sperm count may drop with age, the lack of a partner in sex need not have affected it in any way.

Has your 'friend' talked over his worry with his girlfriend? It may be that her desire for a family is not so strong as to deter her from a marriage where children may not be possible. On the other hand, should it be crucial to her in the relationship, then it is imperative that your friend goes along to his doctor to allay his fears. If the couple are so close that they are contemplating marriage, surely the subject can be broached? If not, then I fear there is too wide a gulf between them for marriage bells.

Just a final thought before ending the column this month. Have you noticed that three out of the five letters this time have been from older men? And I haven't picked them out on purpose, it just happened that way. So, everyone who thinks that naturism is strictly for the birds (and fellas) of under 25 — how wrong you are!

Except for this letter, which gave me great delight and encouragement:

'I have just booked up for my first nudist holiday. It's all thanks to you, really. I don't suppose you remember me but I wrote to you a year ago asking for your advice on a number of things. I don't want to go into all the details again, but basically I was scared stiff, yet madly attracted to the idea of taking my clothes off at the same time.

I spent months mulling over the problem, not that it was really a problem but I just felt I must be such a wimp not being able to do such a simple thing. Yet your letter was so full of commonsense advice, that I was spurred on to try it. I'm really writing to thank you. At the age of twenty-one I've finally made it!'



Discover that glowing all-over tingle of naturism.

Black's Beach has been described as a 'cultural art centre without walls'.



BODYPAINTING at BLACKS BEACH

Is it art? Or is it a corruption of something 'natural'. Body painting is practised on naturist beaches everywhere — and people are still angered and shocked by it. Leif Heilberg visited the 8th Festival of 'freedom artists' at Black's Beach and reports on his 'findings'.

EVERYONE knows Black's Beach in San Diego is the most famous nude beach along the entire Pacific coast of the Americas, frequented by endless thousands of free beachers throughout most of the year.

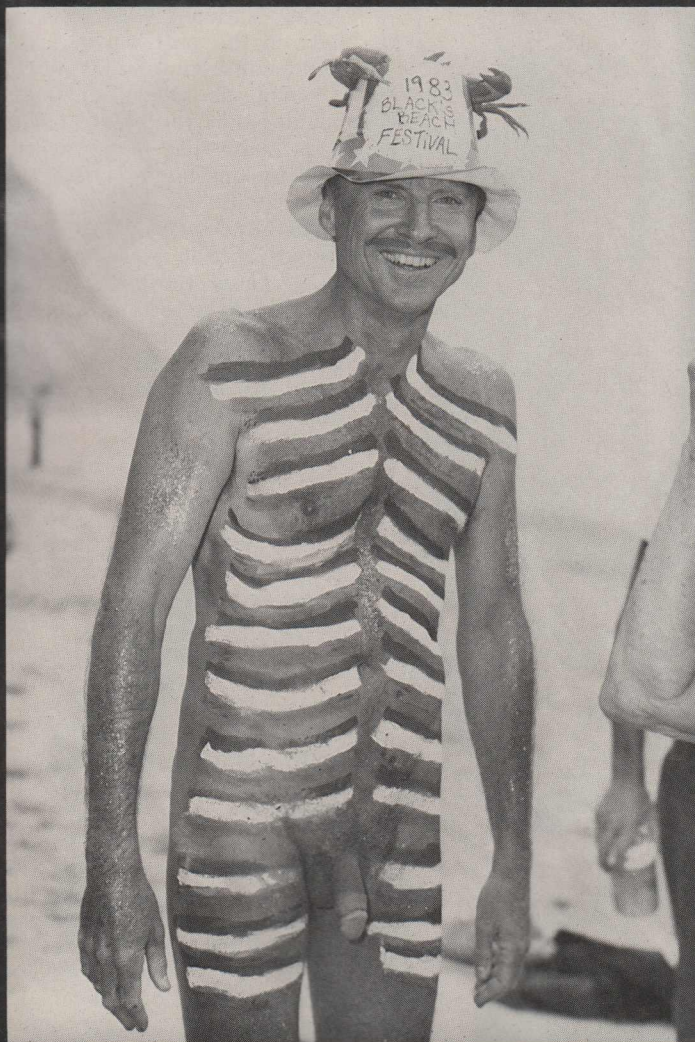
Memorial Day Sunday is the date for the annual Black's Beach party of freedom artists which now, after eight years, is called the Fine Arts Festival. To

inaugurate this 8th Festival, many varied games, body painting, volleyball, music, etc., was planned for the beach, as news media coverage was expected, by a television crew from Playboy, by Ethel & Edin Velez — the world famous videotapers — and others.

Joann Newman, better known as Joi, is the toast of the beach, as she is the cause célèbre of the fine



It's certainly a good way to meet people.



They're enjoying a regular celebration, here.



Who's got designs on you, then?



All tarred by the same brush?



art of body painting on the local scene. Various T.V. stations have in the past shown brief flashes of frontal nudity when covering the subject of body painting by a variety of artists. Rear nudity has been dwelled upon for longer times in the same connection.

Joi truly deserves a place in the lamp light. She is an advanced body painter who promotes the art form and seeks its recognition universally. She heads an organization named the Body Painting Guild that seeks the promulgation of the fine art of body painting.

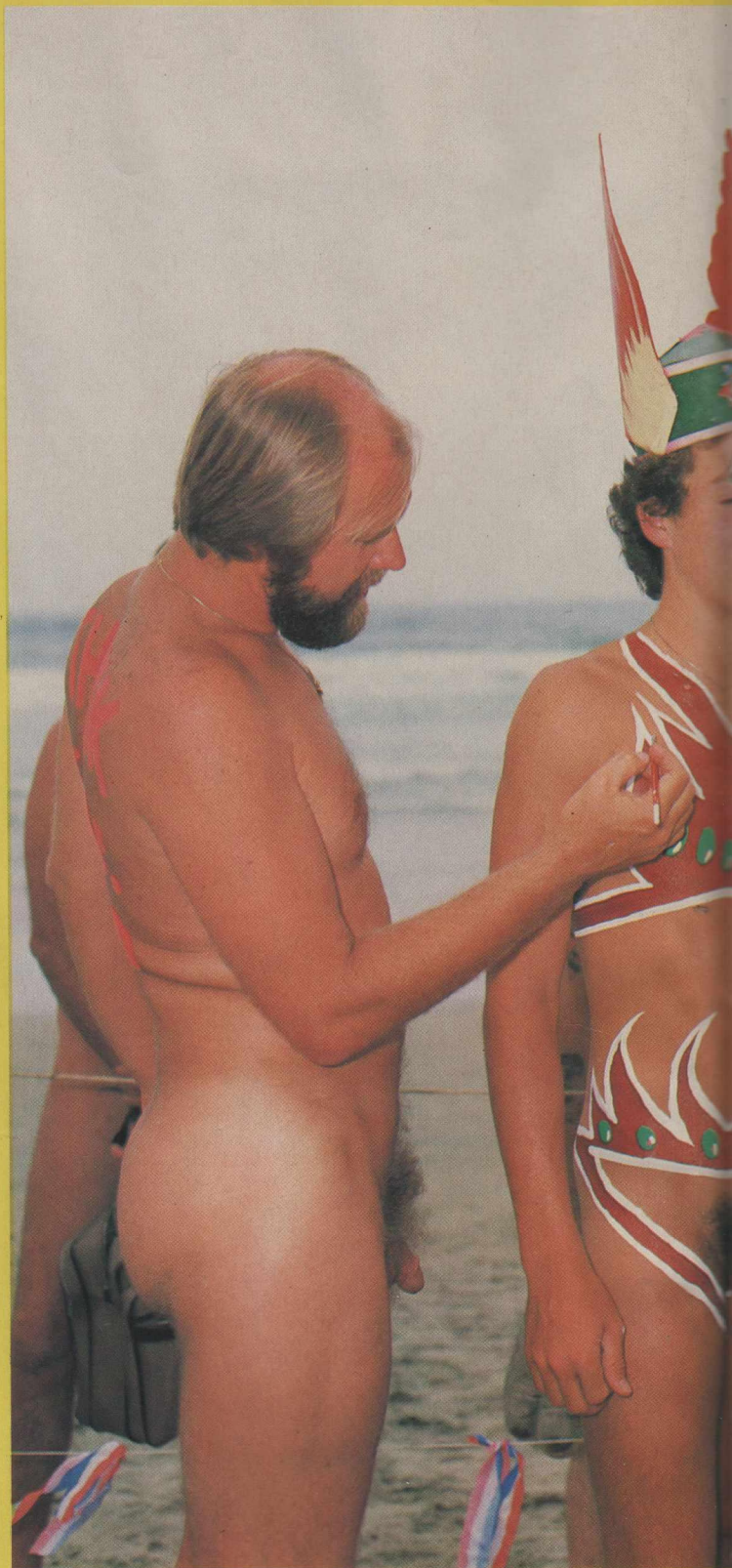
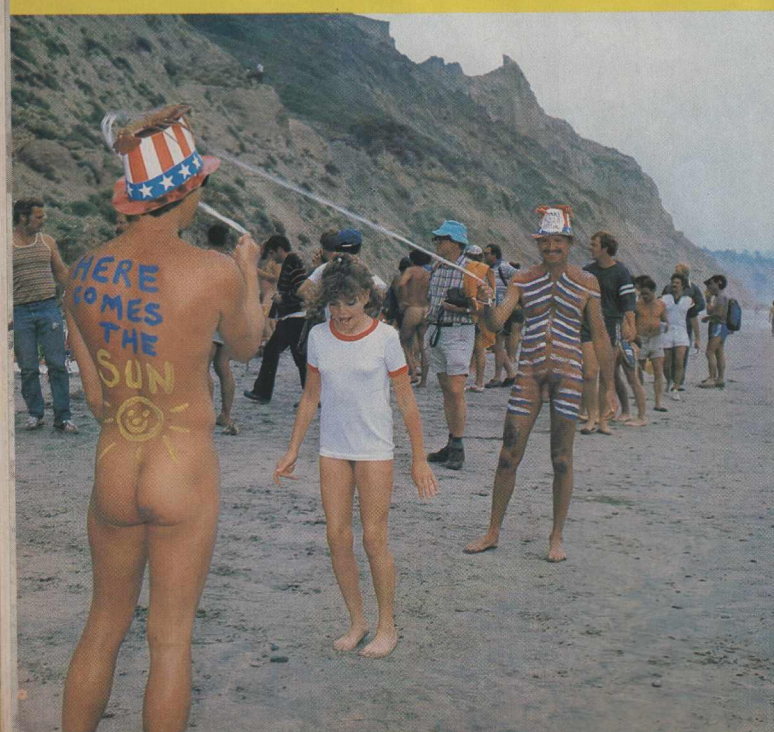
Enjoyed

Joi's group of artists has been practising their craft and art for years, and they can be watched on Black's Beach most weekends, but mainly during June, July and August, the warm season. Millions of tourists and locals have enjoyed watching the body painting sessions over the years while visiting Black's Beach.

Of course, all those people didn't come exclusively to look at body painting, or even to sunbathe nude. San Diego has much to offer tourists. A very famous zoo is located here; Sea World is even more known; and south of the border, down Mexico way, Tijuana is located only twenty miles from here.

Designer bodies were the next natural step.





'We are the New Age Aquarian people as nudists. We are free think

Both the zoo and Sea World are right in town, and are musts for all visitors. The entrance fees are \$4.95 and \$10.95, respectively, and well worth the money.

Tijuana offers the spice of Latin American shopping; you will delight at bargaining in the tourist shops which offer leather goods, silver ware, and endless other products that baffle the mind. Prescription drugs are sold freely over the counter — without prescription — and many restaurants and coffee shops serve both hotly spiced as

well as mild flavoured Mexican dishes. Colourful vendors peddle their wares on the sidewalk, and pesos and dollars are equally accepted everywhere. With an exchange rate of 145-150 pesos per dollar in the spring of 1983, many good bargains are available. If you have a car, you simply drive into Tijuana without a Mexican visa, since the city is in a special customs zone. Otherwise, many tourist tour operators have organised trips from San Diego.

Naturists/nudists, when



...ers interested in mind expansion and inner awareness understanding.'

travelling as tourists, usually like to combine tourism with nude sunbathing. Many locations around the nation and the world offer only one or the other attraction. San Diego combines the best of both worlds, like some places in Florida.

For our naturist/nudist tourists, however, the main attraction of San Diego remains the uniquely famous Black's Beach, the sole beach in North America which was legally declared nude, if only for a rather brief period. A reactionary

board of supervisors later rescinded the Nude status of the beach, and law officers for a while tried to enforce dressed bathing. Enforcement was a flop, and thousands now flock to the beach on sunny weekends, most bathers bare as radishes. The cops have given up. Nudity wins.

It was only natural that fine artists with a flair for the palette, would discover a natural medium for their art while on a nude beach. Tattoo artists have been recognised around the world for





Zooming in on some zippy American action.



centuries, if mainly among sailors. A movie with Rod Steiger, 'The Illustrated Man', has won great acclaim. This century has seen many ladies getting small tattoos on the thighs, the breasts, the pubic area, or in other inconspicuous locations. There is still a social stigma attached to having **permanent** marks — however artistic — engraved on the epiderm, especially for ladies.

Irresistible

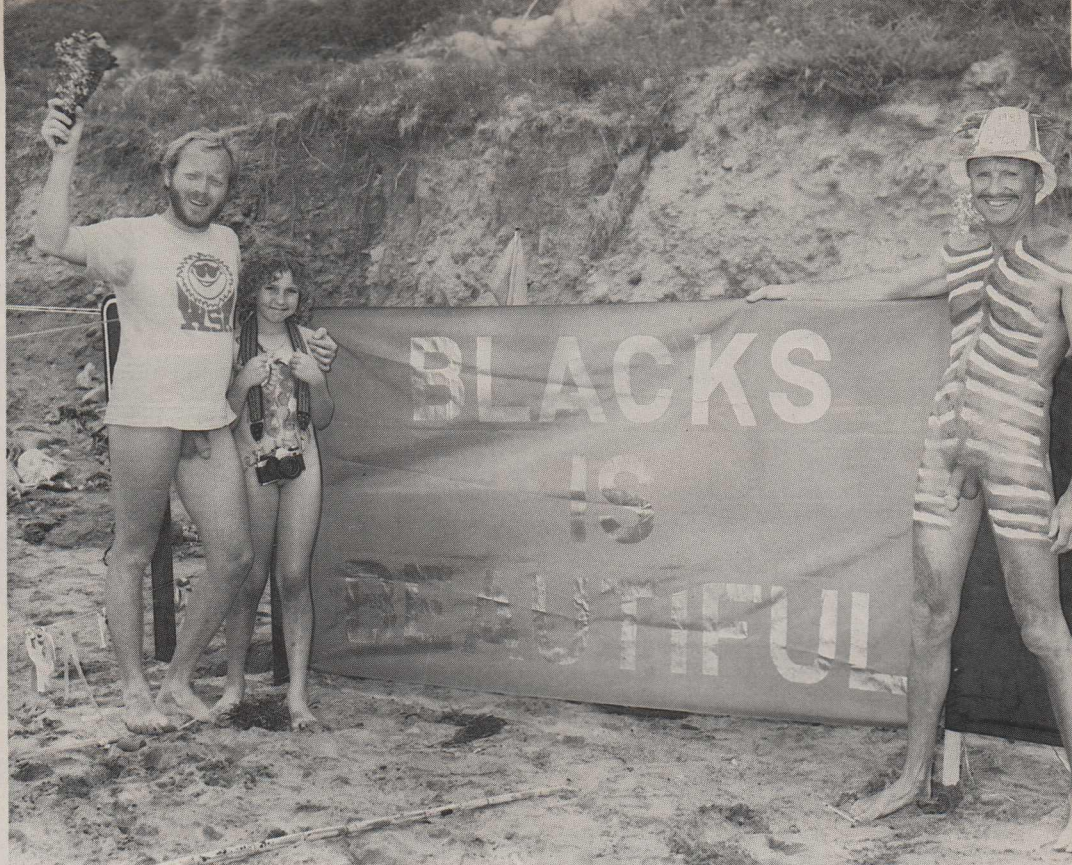
Since the Pharaoh's days, women have enjoyed painting themselves, for general adornment, for mystique, for prestige, and to boost their sex appeal. The famous sexpot Cleopatra, leader of an empire, goddess in her own right, divine and irresistible to most men of the era, painted her face boldly and strikingly. The combined image of natural beauty and fancy artwork was simply stunning.

Women in the western world today enjoy putting war paint — or shall we say love paint — on their faces, to improve their looks and to increase their attractiveness to men. Only prudes disapprove of it. Applying good make-up can be a true art and, if not theatrical of nature, can very much enhance a

woman's face. Some make-up artists are therefore highly paid. None of this make-up is permanent. The artistic efforts are removed by the end of the evening — with soap or cold cream — after their magic has worked on the audience.

The beautiful image could have been eternalised during a session at a portrait studio, but usually, only spectators' eyes enjoy the artistic result before it is gone again. You may say that this form of art is evanescent, almost like music which is gone by the time it is heard, unless recorded for posterity.

The fine artists on the nude beach make evanescent music and evanescent paintings. The body painting artists paint the face, as do women and make-up artists, but not merely for the purpose of feature enhancement. The primary aim is basic artistic expression, like painters using canvasses, walls, or any other surface for their art form. Body painters, as the name



Need we say more?

indicates, paint not only faces of humans but their bodies, too, as well as their limbs, whenever the effort calls for it. Some body painters concentrate on the torso, with only occasional use of other areas. Irrespectively, the human canvas as a medium for evanescent art is becoming increasingly recognised.

Prudish attitudes, even among nudists, have prevented body painting from coming into its own right till only a few years back. This photo journalist experienced virulent criticism when, at a nudist club in Ontario in 1967, he photographed a group of nudist kids for whom he had prior releases, while they had fun body painting each other with water colours. Of course, the adult nudists in question were particularly prudish, since similar body painting sessions had already been successfully and joyfully undertaken, and photographed, at that period of time.

Indulged

Sixteen years hence, we rarely encounter such antiquated attitudes any longer, and body painting sessions frequently are featured during nudist conventions or festivals, if only among kids and teenagers. Only few good body painting artists exist, like in any artistic field of endeavour. Therefore most naturists/nudists look upon body painting as only another game, another form of having fun while nude, a people's art form which, because it is indulged in by many individuals

lacking skill or talent, is somewhat disdained or ignored.

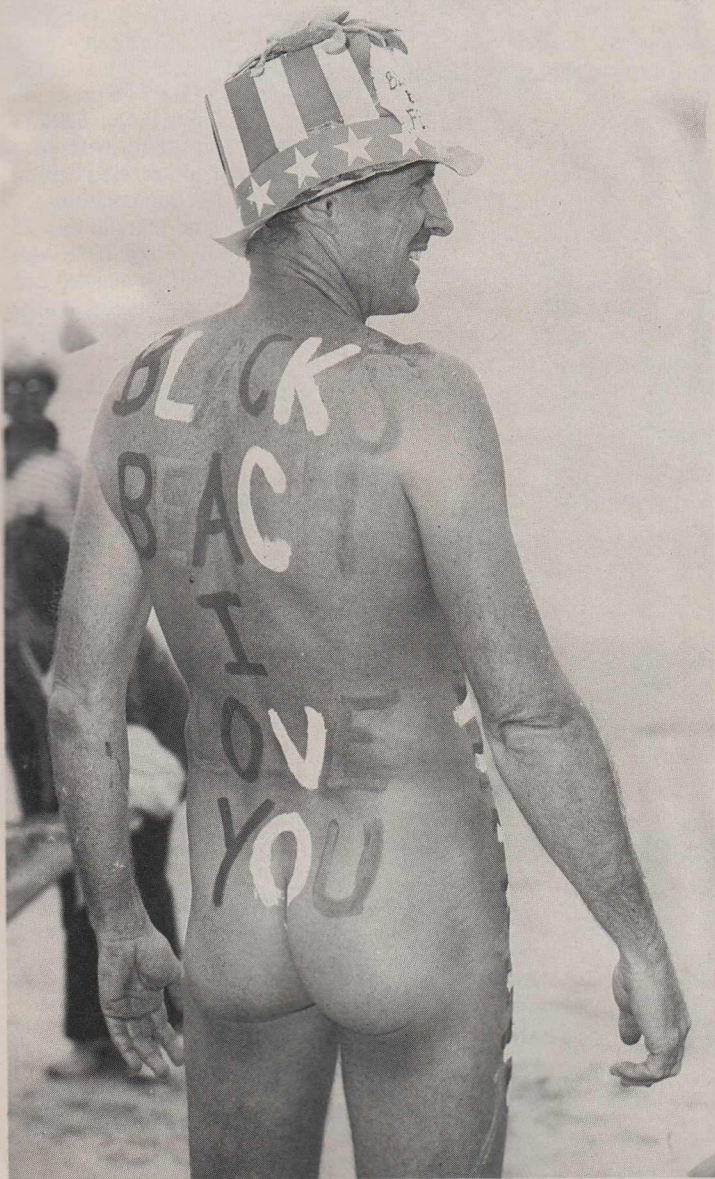
That is too bad, because some very talented artists do exist among body painters. The human canvas is their medium; exercising their skill they create semi-evanescent artistic expressions which last for a few hours or less, but which are no less masterpieces of their particular field.

As of 1983, it is up to the naturist publications to begin featuring this art form. Naturist art is a natural to show up in naturist magazines; or shall we leave the field to Playboy? That would be a disgrace.

Art is a joy to watch, and so is the art of Joi. As a superior artist among Black's Beach group of body painters, her creations bear watching. As a leader and investigator of the Body Painting Guild, she is also a source of inspiration to the other members, some of whom exhibit great talent. Serious body painters elsewhere might want to contact the group: Body Painting Guild, P.O. Box 3656, San Diego, CA 92103.

In the meantime, on a foggy Memorial Day's Sunday we have now eternalised some of Joi's, and some other members', evanescent art and herewith present to our readers the editor's selected human canvasses in their finished art form.

Who can really deny that this is an extremely exciting mixture of art and nudism? If it's controversial, what does it matter, anyway?



Gyms and health clubs are the in thing at the moment. Everywhere people are straining against the weight of concrete and iron, in attempts to make themselves light and lithe. But all this means pain and sacrifice — and Maurice Richards feels that naturism offers an alternative.

HEALTH Clubs and the Naturist movement have a lot in common. They are both body-conscious, physically motivated outlets, appealing to greater numbers of people right across the social spectrum, and only in the most darkened recesses of the minority's mind thought 'weird' and 'cranky'.

One does not have to preach to the converted in this publication of all magazines on the benefits of naturism, but it is time to take a general look at the growing health club industry, for that is what it has now become.

I started the health habit 21 years ago when David Morgan first opened his health club and sauna for men in the West End's Hanover Square. It was something new, then. You paid an annual sub. of £30 a year for which you could go along every day of the week, except Sunday, and work out with the weights and do exercises from 9 a.m., until 9 p.m. And your membership included free use of the sauna and a towel afterwards.

I was 30, and just 'over the top'. The beer belly had already formed, and although I tried to persuade myself to the contrary, I knew I was no longer getting regular exercise, apart from a leisurely few games of cricket in summertime, and 30 minutes each way playing for the bottom side of my rugby club.

Age

I was at the age I am sure all men go through; the watershed between youth and the run-up to early middle age. I could no longer take my 15 pace run up the wicket, to deliver a particularly fastish ball for more than a couple of overs, and after the third scrum I was absolutely finished, threatening our backs with a fistful of 'fives' if they persisted in cross kicking away possession, so that we forwards had to lumber from one end of the blasted field to the other. I woke up on Sunday mornings and felt as if I had gone 15 rounds with Mohammed Ali. I was so stiff that I had to roll out of bed and come to in a very hot bath.

My presence at David Morgan's had come about through the offices of John Spracklin, now a director of H & E. We did a series of photographic articles for another magazine company based on the long and the fat of it. A sort of poor man's Laurel & Hardy.

DON'T SWEAT TAKE OFF INSTEAD



We sat on bicycles in the gym and pedalled furiously until told to stop. With rubber legs we then took hold of the weights and swung 30lb silver-chromed bits of iron above our heads, out to our sides, and 'curled' — i.e. brought the weights up to as far as our arms would go, palms upwards.

Next, came what the P.E. assistant referred to with massive irony as 'rabbit'. '25 rabbit, gentlemen, please!', meant 25 squats, up and down, up and down, down and up. By now, Spracklin and I were wheezing like a brace of grampas as we lay back against the 'incline board' and pushed weights out in front of our shoulders at an angle. But, in the words of Al Jolson, we hadn't seen nothing yet.

'Abominable'

We confronted the abdominal board — referred to with one accord by Mr. Morgan's well heeled clientele, as 'the abominable board'. You lay on the damn thing, feet above body, head at the lowest point, and, with your hands locked and pressed behind it, sit up to a sitting position . . . 'and relax'. And you did that 25 times. 'Gotta bloke here wot does an 'undred!' remarked our instructor with malicious satisfaction. We were too breathless to argue.

From the abominable board we digressed to the leg machine. We had to lay flat on our backs, rather Christmas-Turkey fashion, and shove upwards with the soles of our feet. A welcome respite from arm and stomach muscles.

Next came a contraption which went across our shoulders. The instructor said it was a ski-ing exercise, which would enable us to hurtle down a black run at St. Moritz with breath to spare. Up and down we went on tip toe. 25 times. We were almost through. Almost. Only the triceps to do. One sat, comfortably, in front of a pulley with a little bar at the bottom, and gently lowered the contraption, with 60lbs of weights, down to the knees and up again. 25 times, of course.

And then it was all over. We were given a towel each and pointed in the direction of the sauna. A sort of mute confessional where salmon-pink blobs of executive lard sat on three tiers with the shell-shocked look of utter dedication, glazed-over.



Exercise? Some just grin and bare it.

'I cannot believe blood, toil, tears and sweat are a panacea for good living. There must be something more than this.'

eyes gazing into space. The aura of smugness, of unbelievable piety, was far more stifling than the temperature set at 120°F.

'Now they have Italian restaurants in Australia the Aussies are beginning to get fat!' said stick-man, on the top perch. 'I was nearly knocked over when I went for my 6 o'clock run in Richmond Park this morning,' murmured a little man on the middle pew, of distinct Hashemite origins, 'but it was a Rolls.' 'I was fit on submarines during the war,' said Spracklin. The others got up and left.

Health Club going can easily become obsessive. My entire summer, in 1963, was spent fighting the battle of the bulge. The magical number was minus 14. To get under 14 stone.

I worked out, I sauna'd and I slogged. The first half stone loss was comparatively easy, from 15 to 14½ stone. But the final ounces were sheer hell. 14-4, 14-3, 14-2, 14-1 and 14 itself; and there the weighing machine's needle stayed for a further week.

Boring

I had, of course, become totally boring to all my friends and acquaintances. My whole conversation was centred around getting fit. I was thinner, but grey. My suits hung around me, and I had to have all my trousers buttoned for braces. And then, one Tuesday lunchtime, Trevor, my P.T.I., smiled and gave the thumbs up from the other side of the scales. 'Thirteen-twelve...' he announced. One man — Member No. 111 — in the midst of 30 rabbits, came over and shook my hand, until tut-tutted back to the bars.

Mr. Morgan came out of the office and said that my first year's membership was coming to an end and would I like to renew for £40 for a second term. Stick-man said I reminded him of a North Queenslander, before the Italians started opening spaghetti houses in Brisbane, and the Richmond runner invited me to an early morning swim in the Ham & Petersham duck-pond.

I was very pleased with myself, and excessively boring. I went up to the old City Magazines offices to hand in my copy to the Deputy Editor, mentioning in a voice loud enough to carry through to John Spracklin's art department that I was under 14 stone. I was immediately challenged to 50 press-ups, and a side-stake of five bob, to see which of us could

throw the Deputy Editor farthest across the editorial floor.

Yearned

I was fit, but fed up. Having gained my objective I now saw a lifetime's abstinence before me with something less than total enthusiasm. All my friends drank and ate the sort of things for which I secretly yearned. Potatoes, fried bread, Crosse & Blackwell's beans, and Mars bars. I had, to quote the words of the prophet, been hoist with my own petard.

Strangely enough I found my work beginning to suffer. My sense of humour had disappeared along with a stone of weight. The

saloon bar banter; the good-natured chaffing of like to like was another non sequitor.

How could I keep my health and physical fitness without becoming a recluse from the mainstream of life, as people in my business knew it? It was not as though I was going into the Health business full-time, or had a job which meant that I had regular office-borne hours poring over an underwriting ledger, five days a week, from 9 until 5, before re-crossing London Bridge to catch my train back to Commutersville.

Substitute

The problem with all health

clubs is that they physically psychoanalyse but are short on synthesis. No-one has yet learned how to replace a way of living with an adequate substitute which does not leave the recipient feeling that he or she has taken cloistered orders. The necessity to earn one's crust in the way one is best suited to do does not always tally with the strength-through-joy dictum of Boy's Own Paper and Baden-Powell.

Most of us who have worshipped at the font of good health have done so at the expense of family, friends, and our jobs. Not entirely, of course, but enough to matter. We tend to go from one extreme to the other. From several beers or gins at lunchtime, and in the early evening, with a plate of pie and mash, to Perrier water, 'Wayt Wain', lean meat and fresh vegetables.

Of course, you might say, you don't **have** to drink, and eat starchy food. That is true, but have you ever felt the tacit animosity which prevails when a non-drinker joins the crowd? The man who stays sober when the rest of you are relaxed and letting your guard down.

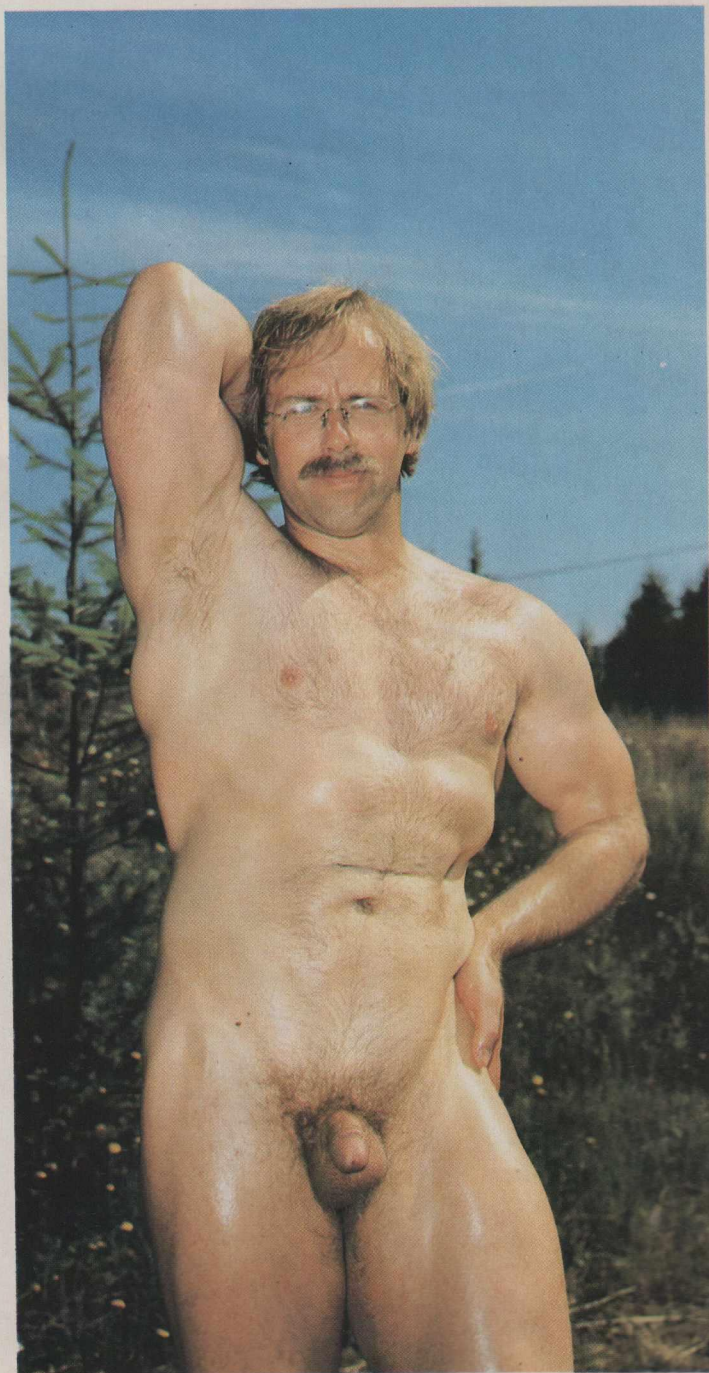
The other danger of health clubs is that when you leave off you replace the weight you have lost very quickly, and generally end up heavier than when you began.

Gentle

Naturism is a much better philosophy. It is far more gentle and far less demanding. I cannot believe that blood, toil, tears and sweat, are a panacea for good living. They are, in my view, every bit as dangerous as living to excess.

The naturist puts his or her own curbs upon themselves. They don't want to put on weight because it looks unsightly. Nudity is a far greater act of total commitment than all the weight-watching charts and exercises set to the sweetest music. There is no pleasure in pain.

So next time some gymnasium addict tries to make you feel guilty for not half-killing yourself on a load of heartless machines, don't worry. You might not develop muscles by taking off your clothes, but you can certainly enjoy that wonderful hedonistic feeling without the strain.



It takes true grit to get muscles like these!

THE NATURIST FOUNDATION

A recreational charity (registered 1976, successor to North Kent Sun Club founded 1948), provides at low cost naturist facilities of the highest standard in 50 acres of parkland, inside Greater London: 1,800 sq. ft. heated swimming pool, over 20 games courts, extensive children's playgrounds, large pavilions, shower blocks, all modern amenities, camping sites, and a full social and recreational programme. Young people and families living within reasonable travelling distance and in need of such facilities can be registered on a seasonal basis and become members of the Sun Society in whose area they live: Bromley, Croydon, North Kent, West Kent, North London, South London.

Besides providing these facilities at Naturist Headquarters, the Foundation promotes its charitable objects on a national scale through information, advice and practical assistance. Those unable to enjoy the facilities can support this work by subscribing £8 or more annually (which can be paid under 4-year covenants if you wish to provide extra help). Subscribers are informed of progress through "The Grove", three times a year, and can attend Open Days and splash nights.

Enquiries (with personal or family details, please) to:

HELEN JONES, NATURIST HEADQUARTERS, ORPINGTON, KENT BR5 4ET

Fully illustrated 48 page guide "Naturism in Britain" . . . available for £2.00.

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The ever-increasing popularity of Naturism is spreading into every part of the World. The prospect of Natural Living, Health and Leisure is so attractive that like-minded people from many different nations are seeking the pleasure of contact to expand and explore their enthusiasms for the non-textile scene. For this simple but fascinating reason we introduce H & E's INTERNATIONAL CLASSIFIED AND PERSONAL ADVERTISING SECTION.

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ANGLESEY ISLAND

Nudes Legal

YOU can go nude on the so-called Island of Anglesey and it is quite legal. At least that is what Mr. Allan Bain, Director of Law and Administration suggests. He said the council had no right to make illegal something which was legal, through the introduction of the bye-laws.

The number of naturists on Llanddwyn and Penrhos beaches had increased during last summer partly due to 'irresponsible publicity in the naturist press . . .' It appears a local warden had tried to stop the naturists by approaching the police he discovered that existing law covering indecent exposure did not apply in the circumstances.

But they should complain. Because of the publicity we gave naturism there they had a huge increase in visitors over last year. The highest visitor figures for six years were recorded at Llanddwyn from May to September last summer — some 17,000 or 4,000 up on the previous year. A 30% increase in visitors after publicity in this magazine. And we didn't charge them a penny.



Now that we can tell our vast readership the latest developments they can look forward to a further vast increase in visitors this summer.

Wouldn't it be sensible to welcome them? Perhaps even to provide better facilities for them? The Anglesey Borough Council should surely not try to run in the face of public opinion? If these old fogies have trouble in coming to terms with the 20th century perhaps they could set aside a special part of the beach and officially designate it naturist. They would only be following in the footsteps of other more enlightened councils both here and especially on the continent.



She's certainly wired up to the naturist scene.

WORLD OF THE NATURIST

Remember Tropea beach, where the local council said you had to be beautiful to be bare? Well they meant it. Read Murray Wren's account of what happened there. And elsewhere too, where our 'irresponsible publicity' brought more visitors than a beach had ever known. Not least, learn about the good humoured Lee Bum Suck.

DO WE STILL EXCITE?

A WRITER in the correspondence columns of the Guardian newspaper recounts an episode in the days of his youth.

He and a friend decided on a great adventure. A naughty adventure. The project was to acquire a copy of H & E. They made a plan. It was carefully rehearsed. They rushed up to the bookstall counter. One threw down the money (8d it was in

those days) while the other grabbed the H & E and ran.

On their homeward journey on the Piccadilly Underground line, one of the boy's physics file, which was hiding the H & E girls from other unauthorised eyes, suddenly slipped from his grasp and fell to the floor. Pictures of naked girls everywhere.

The writer doesn't say what happened next. Perhaps readers could supply the scenario?

PAINT THE POT

EUREKA Sun Club just south of London, is already famous for its Sunday Funday. But this is held on the first Sunday of every August — towards the end of the sunbathing season. Now they have come up with a special Mayday.

So mark it in your diary. On the 27th May 1984, you are invited to join the nude body painting competition. If the weather's fine it will be an outdoor event, if not, you'll have to use the pavilion.

So come and paint the pot black, or blue, or red, or all the colours of the rainbow.



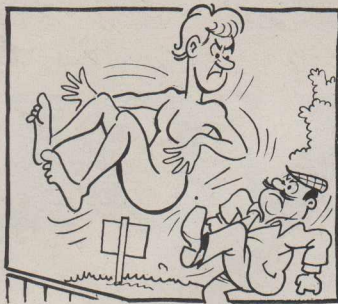
LAST RESORT

LAST summer Viscount Coke put up warning notices on his private beach at Holkham, Norfolk. In spite of this many went topless and some bottomless.

It is unfortunate perhaps, but many beaches are privately owned. However, the ownership extends only to the high tide line.

But even private beaches can be used. The old 'Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted' signs are more bluff than anything else. However, if you are asked to leave by the owner, you must. Otherwise he can use whatever reasonable force is necessary.

While on the subject this

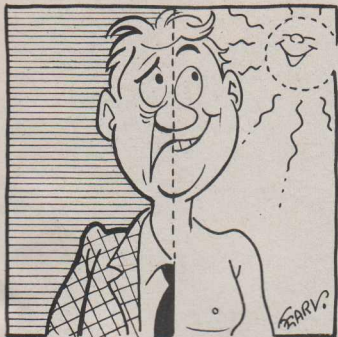


notice was seen on a convent wall:

TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW.

Sisters of Mercy.

QUICKIES



BUT WE SAID SO!

FOR years naturists have been saying sunlight is good for you.

A Dr. Norman Rosenthal at the National Institute of Mental Health in Maryland, USA has discovered that patients suffering from depression can be cured by being exposed to high intensity light. They get six hours a day. Three in the morning and three in the evening . . .

He said 'We all miss the sun . . . last winter we treated 11 patients and seven showed dramatic improvements in their mood in a week.' The Doctor uses a special fluorescent light source which mimics natural sunlight. But no one knows how it works.

It appears our moods are affected by a hormone called melatonin which is produced in the absence of light. Bring on the sun and the melatonin stops and so does your melancholy.

AT a recent computer show women said they wanted to pick it up and cuddle it.

Men were more direct. Said one, 'When you lift the shutter that hides the disc drives it's like slipping off a woman's skirt.' Our apologies to any Women's Libbers who may read this.

The late foreign minister of Korea had a sporting sense of humour. Hardly inscrutable. Whenever he was interviewed by western journalists he would start; 'My name is Lee Bum Suck. Please laugh now and then we can get on with the press conference.'

How do elephants make love in the sea? They take off their trunks.

A Zimbabwean burglar was caught nude recently. He stripped off to squeeze between some security bars covering the window of a Harare flat. But someone was inside.

In the States parents are wondering what next. Surprise gifts in the breakfast popcorn can really surprise. Like a tiny booklet showing 'erotic sexual

positions', sex secrets from the temples of the Amazon and nude photographs.

Do you remember Tropea, Italy. They were the ones who said you could go nude on their beach so long as you met the highest standards of classical beauty. Seems they meant it. Last summer a German couple who didn't were arrested. So watch it on Tropea, and I mean just watch it.

NEW FROM FRANCE

A friend recently returned from France reports a road sign development.

As you know they do things better there. Here we have those boring old signs. 'Thetford welcomes careful drivers'. And at the other end. 'Thank you.'

In France you're more likely to come across something like this. 'Welcome to Blois, Ces Cathedrales — Ces Musees — Ces Everything.' But instead of Ces Everything, friend reports (and he swears it's true) he saw 'Ces Nudistes!'

Tip for Brighton?

NEVER FIDDLE THE FIGURES

In February 1982 a satirical magazine thought it would be fun to fiddle with Brigitte's famous figure. They did a little mock up. They made a photo montage giving Bardot her own face but a 'particularly degrading and hateful' appearance by providing her with a hideous naked body.

Brigitte took action and it cost the magazine 50,000 francs. So don't fiddle the figures.



STOP PRESS

Dutch Swimming

In Holland, you can now swim in fifty-six pools scattered throughout the country from September to May.

Within two years, the large club Puur Natuur has grown from thirty to almost two hundred adults and children who enjoy swimming or taking a sauna at weekends.

Once every two months a newsletter is published with news of local naturist activities or perhaps foreign events.

Next year, there will be a beach available for everyone near one of the pools which members and non-members will be able to use.

Co-ordinator Robbert Broekstra said that they are trying to bring as many people as possible into contact with naturism. They aim to keep the prices low and thus be accessible to almost everyone.

For further information, write to N.P.N. Puur Natuur, Postbox 281, Waddinxveen, Holland.

It's not impossible!

Two beaches in Victoria, Point Impossible and Point Addis, now allow legal nude sunbathing. Many Australian nudists are highly delighted, but the local police aren't. They feared undesirable behaviour, but most people expect things to calm down in time.

Go Nude or Lose your home

Some residents of a south-west Houston apartment block think they are being compromised. The company's vice-president, Mr. Veal Johnson is a well known nudist and said they hoped to attract nudist residents. What he also said is that residents who do not agree to go naked in the central complex and the pool, may not have their leases renewed. It seems they will have to lose a stitch in time.

THE TEXTILE REVOLUTION

LONG ago, amid the slime of evolution, there arose a form far superior to all the rest. He stood erect and proud, with a brain that would invent fire, the wheel, the atom bomb, with hands that could fashion flint, carve wood, make microphones. This was surely a being that would command respect from everything that moved or thought. Surely.

But NO! Instead of an overawed silence, there was loud laughter. Every creature, great or small fought hard to suppress giggles. Why? Why, because he looked so funny. He was covered in things he called 'clothes'; a three-piece suit, shirt, socks, shoes, tie, underwear. UNDERWEAR! As if the rest wasn't enough!

Of course they all laughed! So just how was it that such a superior being had come to such a ridiculous pass.

Try to imagine it. Umpteen million years B.C. Your great-great grandfather is sitting on a large, lonely outcrop of rock on some barren hill-side. He's a bit cheesed-off.

It was sunny yesterday, but today, well today's something else. Yesterday he was lying on his back, soaking up some of that glorious prehistoric sunshine (and you didn't have to go to the Med to get it then) but today the wind's got up, some nasty black clouds have floated over from behind the volcano, and it's really nippy.

This was, of course, the Stone Age. The Iron and Bronze Ages were still a long way off, so Brass hadn't been invented then, but had he known about it, your great-great-granddaddy would probably have decided that this wasn't the sort of weather normally recommended for monkeys, or indeed apes of any kind. The fur on his back was standing on end, and jumping up and down shouting EE-EE-EE-ETAK-OO-OOH! wasn't really doing much good either. There had to be a better idea.

Lower down on the hill-side stood an enormous hairy mammoth. The cold didn't seem

Go on, be a clever monkey! urges Noel Marshall Turner. In this lighthearted story, Noel traces the history of monkeys, with special attention to the clothes they wear! Read on to discover what sort of monkey you are.



Noel Marshall Turner and his wife pondering on human nature.

to be making him bat an eye-lid. Not a shiver. In fact great-great-granddaddy was tinged with just a touch of jealousy. Well, not so much a touch. This primitive ancestor of ours had no hang-ups about showing his emotions.

He was wild with envy. No-one had yet brought any tablets down from the mountain, bearing the inscription 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's furry skin'. Come to think of it, no-one was going to, either. That one wasn't on the list. So why shouldn't he just . . .

Great-great-granddaddy was good with his hands. He loved clacking stones together while jumping up and down shrieking, just as he was doing now. One of his favourite stones had grown so sharp that he had cut his finger off, two days ago. He thought

about that now. It had distressed him terribly at the time. Suddenly, the idea that he was looking for, came to him, and with a wild scream of delight, he leapt down the hillside, straight for the hairy mammoth.

Now the mammoth had had no previous experience of frontal assaults from enraged monkeys. They just weren't in the same class as Brontosauruses, Tyrannosauruses, and the like. In fact, he'd had a pretty easy time since the last Ice-Age.

So when our hero scrambled up his trunk he was taken completely by surprise. With cackles and screams of glee, our less-furry ancestor set about hacking away at the monster's ever-so-much furrier back.

After all the initial enthusiasm, Great-great-granddaddy was

beginning to find this a frustrating experience. The monster's hide was very unrelenting. But, having a somewhat larger brain than the mammoth, it was not beyond our hero's intellectual capacity to think of two good ideas in one day (although he might need the next day to get over it). And so, he cut off the mammoth's left ear.

The mammoth, now rather disconcerted, began tramping about, angrily, but our hero was already half-way back up the hillside, 'dressed' (a word he would dream up next time he felt a good idea coming on) in the ear.

You may think the image of a monkey sitting on a lonely outcrop of rock, dressed in a mammoth's left ear, is a bit ridiculous. But just look at yourself through the eyes of the rest of the Animal Kingdom, either now, or next time you're dressed. To be quite honest, even the most attractive among you, would look pretty silly to a hippopotamus.

Back, though, to our story. This was just where the rot set in. Great-great-granddaddy began wearing his mammoth's ear all the time, only taking it off if it got really hot. Pretty soon many, and then most, of the other monkeys cottoned on, too.

As time went by, monkeys who had been born with less hair than the rest, and might normally have shivered to death began surviving, to produce more monkeys with even less hair on them. Only the really thick ones, who couldn't see anything in this stone-clacking thing, died off. Since the monkeys who could make flint-knives were also cleverer than many of their more furry friends, they also began to take the upper hand in monkey-politics.

First signs of the industrial revolution appeared, with the discovery of fire, iron, bronze, and eventually, of course, brass. All furless monkeys stuck together and taught each other how to make knives, and more and more survived.

The thick, furry ones also



survived, of course, but that's the way they stayed — thick and furry. There was probably some degree of racial prejudice. At any rate, somehow furry monkeys became suppressed. They can still be seen around in jungles and cages, today. The furless ones became human, which was when they started getting their priorities wrong.

You see, by now, the mammoth's ear had become a status symbol. Wearing one proved to the rest that you were a clever

monkey, to be looked up to with respect. Now even furry monkeys could hide their deformity, and so escape the abuse that was heaped upon their less intelligent relatives, and prove that they were as good as the rest.

More elaborate clothes showed, either that the monkey wearing them was cleverer than the rest, or that he had enough money to pay one who was (which amounted to the same thing in monkey society). The brightest monkeys saw their

chance and built factories. Others opened boutiques. One by one, other animals began dying out, victims of the terrible craze.

The mammoth (by now, of course, deaf) was one of the first. This produced a new fashion. Rarer furs proved that the wearer was either an exceptionally clever hunter, or, again, had enough money to pay one who was. This fashion at last produced the class distinction that the best monkeys had hoped for. There just

weren't enough rare animal skins to go round.

Shortage of skins finally produced man-made fibres. Just in time, as it happens, or else the vast numbers of lesser monkeys would soon have had to give up on this clothes-racket-thing altogether. One way or another, the fashion for clothes was here to stay.

Go on! Be a clever monkey! Throw away your mammoth's ear and show that you, too, know where it all went wrong.



She threw away her mammoth's ear at Cap d'Agde.

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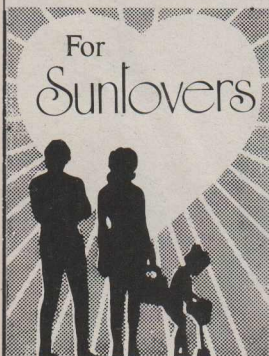
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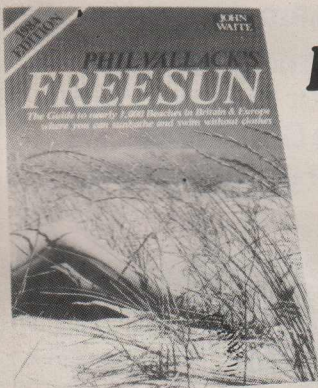
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BEWARE OF THOSE HORNS!

Do you know someone who's as stubborn as hell, who lives in a warm, tasteful cosy home and likes to stay there? You try to persuade them to try naturism, but they refuse as society doesn't fully accept it — and that's that! Chances are they're a Taurean (born between 20th April and 20th May).



She's clinging on to her beliefs.

She certainly likes to keep herself rooted to the ground.



MANY Taureans who discover naturism later on in life are overjoyed at the genuine sense of freedom it gives them. And it often takes some years for the Taurus-born person to try it.

This is for a number of reasons. Firstly, they are not the most adventurous of people, nor do they like to risk public ridicule of any kind. Taurus is classed as an 'earth' sign, so with their feet rooted in the ground, they are likely to be sceptical of any high-flown ideas which aren't ground in society's norms.

Taureans are materialistic. They like to possess — people

and objects. They enjoy acquiring money and goods which give them the feeling of security which they demand. They like to be seen as owners of wealth and objects of taste, and to be dressed well, too. They regard their clothes in the same way. It is therefore initially anathema to the typical Taurean to be seen naked; most would say they can't see the point of it — and they'll stubbornly stick to this idea.

It's quite possible that if your partner is an unshakeable non-naturist, nothing is going to persuade him or her to change. Taureans are renowned for

sticking to their ideas, their habits which nothing ever will make them budge.

The only chance you'll have is to appeal to their sense of vanity and enjoyment of life. You'll have to do this over and over again, until they weaken.

It's likely they'll be anxious at first about their figures. Although they often have very attractive faces, the Taurean loves his food tremendously and is inclined to gain weight.

Because of his earthy qualities and lack of spontaneity in general, he knows that others are not always entirely enamoured of

him. He does of course enjoy people's good opinion, and also has a slight hankering after excitement, which his ordered life style doesn't always allow for. He's attracted to fiery people and if you can appeal to the lighter more fun-loving side of his nature, and play on this weakness, there is the slightest chance of persuading the unwilling bull (or cow) to divest themselves of their clothes.

It's no use taking them to some run down little camping site, though, with no good restaurants nearby, or uncomfortable chairs on which to lie down.



Taureans are earthy people, warm and honest.



She has an innate sense of beauty, and it shows.



Few signs demand their creature comforts as much as the Taurean and they will feel ill at ease in a place that does not provide them. So be sure they go somewhere where the food's good, the accommodation is comfortable and the environment tasteful.

This sign has a keen eye for beauty, and if they are surrounded by things or places that are ugly or in any way unpleasant they will not want to hang about too long. They will not appreciate untidy lawns, or littered swimming pools — or anything that interferes with their refined sense of order and aesthetics.

The worst thing you can do is to try to trick a Taurean into visiting a naturist club or beach. They are simple people who believe in straight dealings. They hate those who play games — especially if they wind up losing



face. They can be fooled and are vulnerable, but if they suspect you, you could be in for a lot of trouble. And I mean a lot.

The Taurean temper is notorious. With their patient calm manner they make easy companions and partners. They don't flare up at every minor crisis or inconvenience, but save it up for a big explosion, a blind fury, a rage of vast consequences. So tread carefully with them.

However, if your Taurean does discover naturism, he or she is likely to go overboard. For once he is able to shed all the material trappings which means so much more to him. The pleasure will be so much greater. When people do relate to them person to person he will glow with satisfaction and contentment; he'll discover that his outward appearance and possessions really don't mean as much as he suspected.

The Taurean is not usually in the centre of attention. He isn't an exhibitionist, or a constant chatterer. But he's always pleasant and charming (excepting of course when he has his infrequent rages when he could easily turn violent).

An unattached Taurean will not be chatting wildly to every other person of the opposite sex, but will plan carefully whom to approach. Then as they fix that steady stare upon their chosen subject they will not give up until the subject admits defeat. This shouldn't take too long, as the Taurean does have a romantic streak and an extremely sensuous nature which shines in between the material longings.

The Taurean man tends to be extremely masculine, macho, even whilst the Taurean woman retains a feminine personality. But both have a selfish streak

which insists that their demands must be met. Not ones for diverse thinking, they expect certain considerations and they have a feeling that they know everything, and everything they think is not only right by unalterable.

Thus the Taurean can be accused of being intolerant and even prejudiced. Marriage to a Taurean is not going to be a wild affair, full of drama and life's surprises. But it will be warm and cosy. As long as you live up to their expectations.

The Taurean is easily taken in by appearances. If they spot someone across a room who is to them attractive, they could easily make fools of themselves. This superficial attitude has led many a Taurean down the wrong aisle. But given that a partnership is reasonably compatible, they'll have specific demands of their

partner.

Taurean men expect a comfortable home, their sexual demands to be totally gratified, and an obedient wife. Women expect a comfortable home, good sex and plenty of money. They enjoy this traditional set up. They like evenings in, entertaining friends.

Incidentally, they have few really good friends, but do treat these very well indeed. Especially when it comes to hospitality in their own home. And that's where you're likely to find them most of the time. It's secure there and they enjoy this stable feeling of being surrounded by all they've striven for.

So you see, it could be hard work trying to induce them out of it, for whatever the attractions.

★★★

READERS PHOTO CONTEST

FOR THE LOVE OF IT

THE problem for amateurs in taking photographs is that they've got nothing to aim for. Professionals have an assignment to follow which focuses their attention on one theme or idea. That's what Terence Donovan is reputed to have said, anyway. He's one of Britain's most successful glamour photographers, and he's certainly got a point.

Many amateur photographers have probably experienced this. You buy a camera, perhaps investing a lot of money in the latest SLR model, with all the lenses, filters and other extras. You take it on holiday for the usual snap shots and all's well. But then you want to be creative — so you go out laden with equipment and wonder what exactly to photograph. You find something vaguely interesting; it doesn't look half as good through the viewfinder, and then when you receive your pictures back they're even less impressive.

So the answer must lie in self-discipline. Perhaps restrict yourself to black-and-white, or night photography, or, of course, nude or naturist photography.

Naturists have a ready made choice, which can be exploited in many ways. People are always attracted to unusual subjects — perhaps a humorous pose, a sport or wherever your imagination leads you. Fill the frame, keep it in focus, then why not send your favourite pictures to the H & E Readers' Photo Contest?

If you wish your pictures returned, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope or international reply coupon. Please write your name and address on the back of each photo.

1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes in each section are respectively £12, £8 and £5.

Send all entries to Readers' Photo Contest, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.



SECOND [below] Mr. Plichon of Alfortville, France complained that we repeat our photos (we don't but sometimes our most popular naturist models reappear!). So he sent us this.

THIRD [right] A little further afield this time — Sandy Hook, New Jersey in fact. Christopher Moss of New Jersey, USA wins third prize for this charming photo of his wife, Susan.

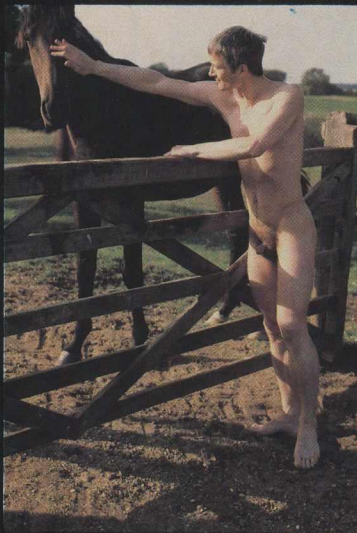
Female

FIRST [left] N.C. Beck took this photograph of his wife at Villata, Corsica. A relaxed pose, which fills the frame well, but he could at least have filled her glass first!

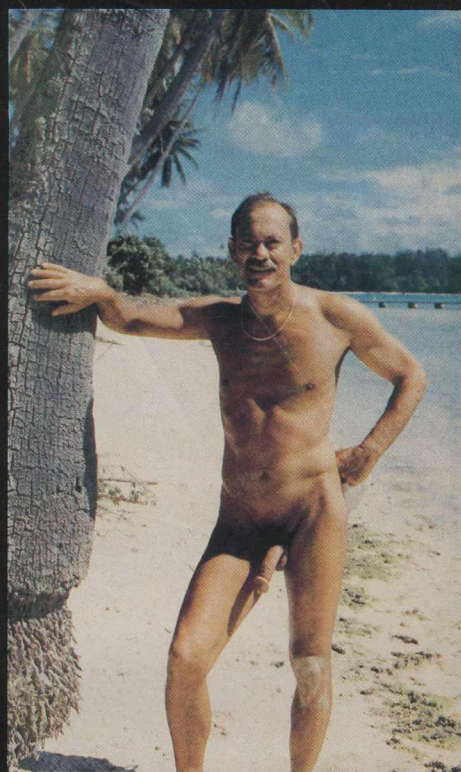


Male

FIRST [left] This was taken at a virtually disused public footpath in West Sussex. S.J. Tanner of Hampshire took this self-portrait and wins first prize



SECOND [above] Another self-portrait here, of John W. Jones of Wantage, Oxon. This was taken last summer near Wantage.



THIRD [above] Kenneth H. Golden of San Diego, California sent this photo to us. Taken in Tahiti — it certainly looks an invitingly empty beach



Groups

FIRST [left] Anton Mucha of Nurmberg, West Germany wins first prize for his cute print of his wife and son. A beautifully glossy photograph.



SECOND [right] I can't imagine what's going through this couple's mind as they seem deep in thought, but J.J. Van Hemmen of Delft, The Netherlands wins a prize for this attractive photo taken in his garden.
THIRD [left] Roy and Eileen of Oxford had this photo taken of them by a friend at Cap d'Agde, last year. They said if they win a prize they'll buy him a drink. Cheers!



READERS' PICTURE PARADE

Many photographers prefer taking pictures in black-and-white for that atmospheric quality, and different dimension. If you are one of them, send your naturist photos to Readers' Picture Parade, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1. We won't mention your name, will comment, but pay £5 for each print published.



A HEAVENLY PICTURE Another woman, clearly in ecstasy, or is it just the feeling of having one's head in the clouds? This photographer has cleverly taken the photograph from a low angle, with nothing distracting in view. The photo is rather dull in colour and tone, but this merely adds to the atmosphere.



A FISHY TALE How many men have the fantasy of going for a morning dip and suddenly, out of the water arises this beautiful mermaid with outstretched arms and a look of ecstasy? This photographer manages to create it admirably, with this expressive model and serene background.



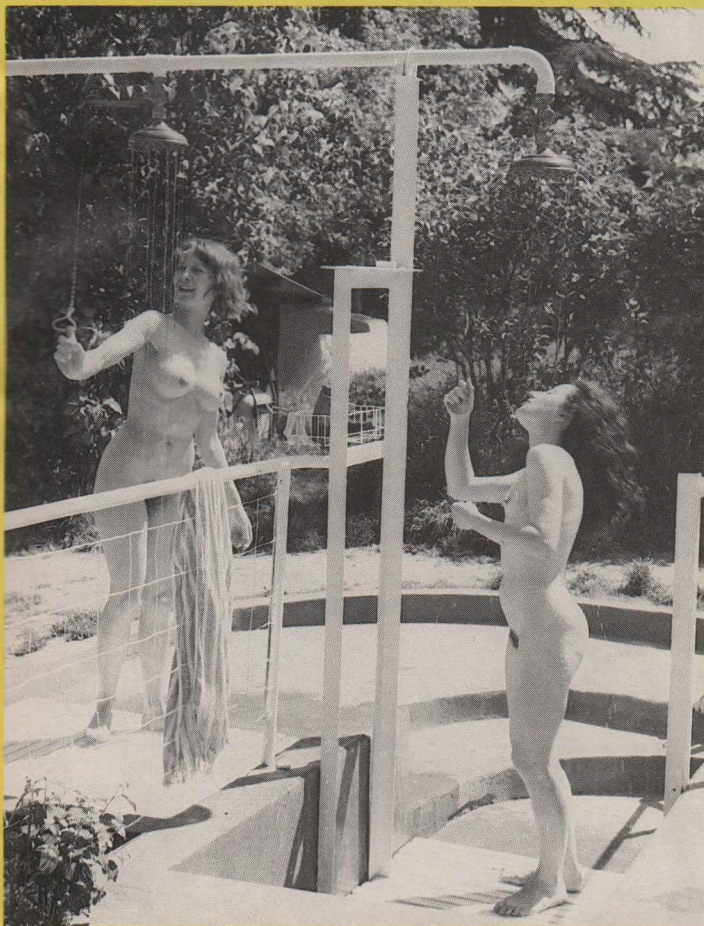
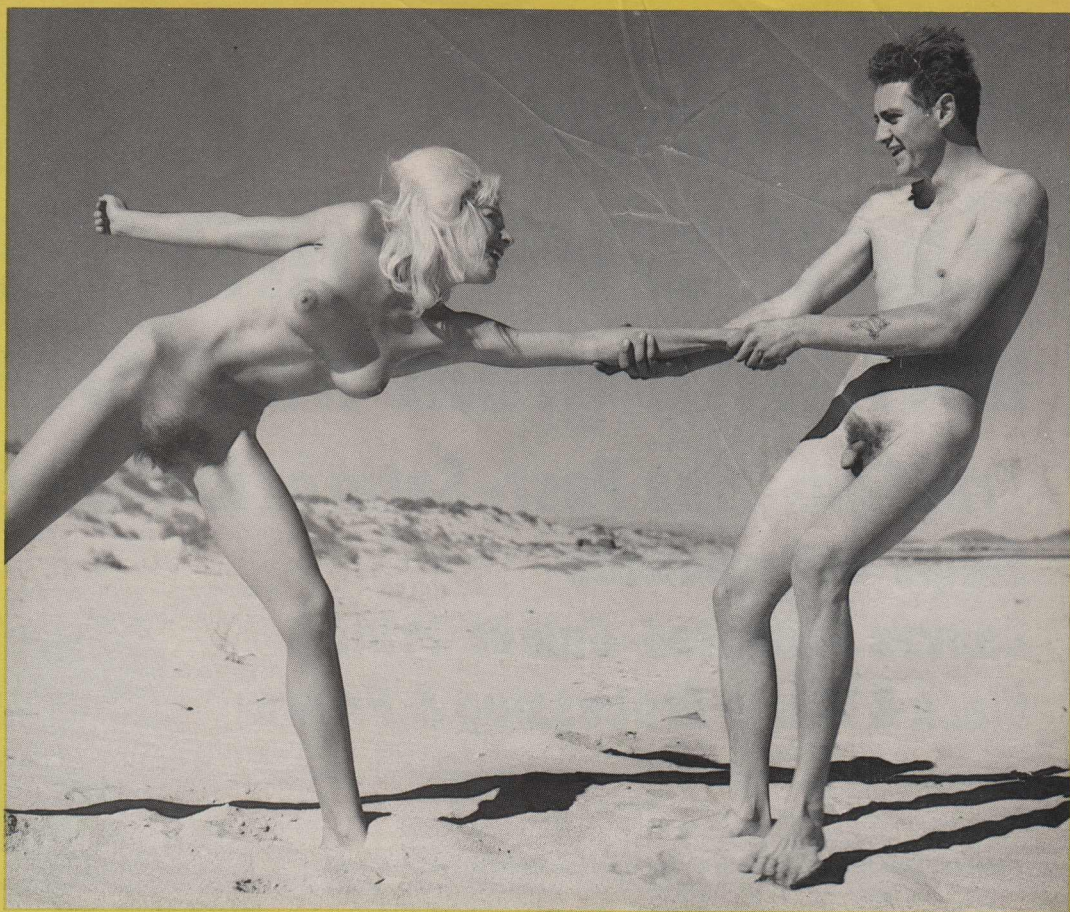
I CAN RUN RINGS AROUND YOU, BABY Did you know that hula-hoops are supposed to be big this year? At least in popularity, rather than size — although with the average body size growing bigger, who knows? Anyway it's a great way to slim down the waist and also makes all the difference to this photo.

PULL THE OTHER ONE A tug of love, perhaps? But whatever the case, there is little interesting scenery around. So the photographer has got his models to pose 'spontaneously'. Well it certainly beats them sitting statically saying 'cheese', doesn't it. An extremely clear print.

Take any bunch of naturist photographs, and in nearly every case, the subjects are sitting, or standing but doing nothing. They often look very attractive, and even artistic.

Naturism, however, is an active idea. Naturists don't just lie about on sunbeds, or sit propping up trees and brick walls. Naturists are positive people, enjoying a variety of activities indoors and outdoors.

It would be good to see more of these activities reflected in naturist photography. Few naturists just take off their clothes and lie there timidly. Instead, they embrace the active lifestyle wholeheartedly. Let's see it.



DON'T FORGET TO PULL THE CHAIN This must be one of the most popular places chosen by naturist photographers. Almost every large batch of photos includes a shower scene. I suppose it is something to do with the models' being forced to adopt an 'expression' and perhaps the interesting symmetry of the shower stands, and steps.



CLEAR AS CRYSTAL The photographer has obviously worked harder for this one. The sun is quite hard, so he had to walk into the water himself to avoid the model being against the sun, and thus appearing dark in the picture. He has also devised a way to get the remarkably clear water to splash upwards whilst the model keeps her hands behind her. Amazing!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Got something to say? Why not tell as many people as possible through the pages of H & E? We pay £5 for the Letter of the Month, and try to print as many as possible. Please type them if possible. We reserve the right to shorten or edit all letters. Write to Letters to the Editor, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1.



LETTER OF THE MONTH

AFTER reading your interesting article 'A Visit to Dahme' in Vol. 84 No. 11 my wife and I decided to send for further details as you suggest in your last paragraph with a view to maybe going for a holiday next year.

You can imagine how amused we were to receive a pile of literature which, except for our name and address, was written in German (which is all double dutch to us).

So unless we start going to night classes we are as far off as we were before.

Gordon Clark

Hull,
North Humberside.

(Yes, I'm sure this must have been frustrating. It might be a good idea to state in large letters 'Please reply in English, if possible'. There is usually somebody around who will speak English — which is more than we can say for many of our English natives who often don't bother with other languages. In the meantime, you could always spend your £5 prize on a 'Teach Yourself German' book! — Ed.)

LARGER THAN LIFE

IHAVE just received and read H & E Summer Quarterly No. 19 and I was very pleased to see at long last an article on the subject of the larger than average female.

This is a subject that seems to have been by-passed for years. Congratulations to Paula Baldwin for such an honest and enlightening article.

Being a lifetime nudist who shuns the textile world with all its hang-ups I am probably more aware of the human body than the average person and I feel the criticism aimed at overweight people is unwarranted, to say the least.

Providing that one is not carrying excessive weight, as Paula says, big is beautiful and

the sooner that it is realised that a woman does not have to look like Marilyn Monroe to be beautiful, the better off we all will be. In fact bigger-than-average women are, in my experience, less conceited and make better lovers.

It is only logical — for us mere males can never have enough of the female species. So you big, beautiful women, accept yourself for who you are and enjoy life. You only have to please yourself.

Regards from a faithful reader.

Bob Williams

South Australia.

(I'm sure many of our female readers will thank you for saying those wonderful words, Bob. But I must admit I was surprised at seeing some of those old Monroe films — even she wasn't actually skinny. So ladies, next time some chap says he likes women thin and then goes and drools over Marilyn, ignore him! — Ed.)

OFFICIAL COMMENT

DURING the last summer I have on several occasions visited two official beaches, Brighton and Fraithorpe, and regret to say I have not found them as others have described them.

Fraithorpe Beach is further from Bridlington than stated. It is about five to six miles from the railway station. There is a public

footpath on to which the beach backs which is not mentioned in any of your articles or comments on this beach.

Comparing these two, I would say that to a 50 year old single male, Brighton is by far the friendlier. If my first visit as a newcomer had been to Fraithorpe instead of Brighton I should have been put off naturism instead of feeling the exhilaration of the freedom felt on Brighton Beach.

D. Hurlston

Birmingham.

(We always welcome comments by readers on beaches, resorts, or indeed, anything to do with naturism or natural living. — Ed.)

NUDE RAMBLING

IFIND a very exhilarating form of relaxation in the warmer months is to go for a good walk in the nude.

Even with our UK climate and countryside there are plenty of opportunities, and I often manage five, six or more miles completely unhampered.

I know I am not the only one who enjoys a nude ramble as a couple of times I have met other nude ramblers — much to their surprise!

Perhaps you could publish details of other walks your

readers have enjoyed?

Alec Marshall

Rugby, Warks.

(If any readers do have favourite 'nude routes' and don't mind them being exposed, please write in. But remember, they might become more popular! — Ed.)

SAVE THE AUSTRALIAN SUNSHINE

AS you may be aware, many other parts of Australia have legal free beaches, but although there are quite a few clubs operating there are strict laws outlawing nude bathing in Queensland.

Of course this does not deter the large numbers of enthusiasts from making some of the more secluded beaches near where I live (approx 100 kms north of Brisbane) popular areas for soaking up our famous sunshine.

Possibly the best known of these is Alexandria Bay which is in the middle of the Noosa National Park and so is completely cut off from vehicular access. The only way in is by boat or by foot, either from the northern Noosa end (about 3.5kms) or the southern Sunshine Beach end (about 2.5 kms). During summer after this trek, a swim in the (sometimes rough) surf is most welcome.

There are quite a few other places on the Sunshine Coast which are a lot more accessible but still relatively unpopulated but as more beachfront land is gobbled up by housing developments, those who are buying the land are indignant that 'their' beaches are being used for a lot of naked cavorting and have successfully lobbied for tighter controls by beach inspectors and police.

Hopefully this trend will cease before all the best spots disappear as has almost happened on the Gold Coast, south of Brisbane.

M.J. Hoobnell

Caloundra,
Queensland,
Australia.

Next Month

HOLIDAY HAPPENINGS

Planning something really special this year? Perhaps St. Martin, the Caribbean island for dreamers, would suit? We bring you a special photo report. We meet the couple who started a nude world tour. How important is the way you lie in the sun? Would you wear clothes under a sunbed? Read about those who can't strip off. Learn about a worldwide naturist organisation. And for those who haven't yet taken up some exercise, old-fashioned running might be the answer.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

In Health & Efficiency costs 45p per word — minimum charge £9.45 per insertion, with a minimum 3 insertions. Box Numbers count as two words and cost an extra £4.50 to cover administration and postage. Overseas Box Numbers cost £6 and are sent airmail. All classified advertisements must be pre-paid and sent to:

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Life modelling — naturist couple — individual/together. Artists, nude figure, naturist photographers only need apply. Bournemouth area, also Paris early spring. — Box No. 3079. (3)

Refined continental gent, 39, wishes to meet naturist female up to 50 for naturist Sauna outings and sincere friendship. Greater London area. — Box No. 3082. (3)

Professional man, 30, would like to meet lady any age/status interested naturist outings pref. Sussex or south England. — Box No. 3083. (3)

Small group forming for 6 or 8 mature mixed singles/couples for visits, holidays etc. London/Hertfordshire area. — Box No. 3081. (3)

Male, single, 31, tall, slim, seeks naturist friends female/male for outings, possibly holiday. Share interest in amateur art. Herts/London. — Box No. 3080. (3)

Thinking of extending your house — plans drawn for extensions and submitted to Councils for approval. South London and Surrey areas. 01-330 3984 evenings. (3)

Gentleman now moved from South where membership Eureka seeks naturist contacts West Suffolk for winter indoor, summer outdoor club and or social fit and fun. All letters answered. Photos exchanged. — Box No. 3077. (2)

Attractive young girl has adult photos available. Schoolgirl, teenage, duos, also P.T.O. Slides/prints samples £2.00. Sets £5.00. P.O. Box 24 (H), Ilford, Essex. (2)

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Dublin — Club Aquarius invites new members. Winter activities now in progress. SAE, 78 Francis Street, Dublin 8. (2)

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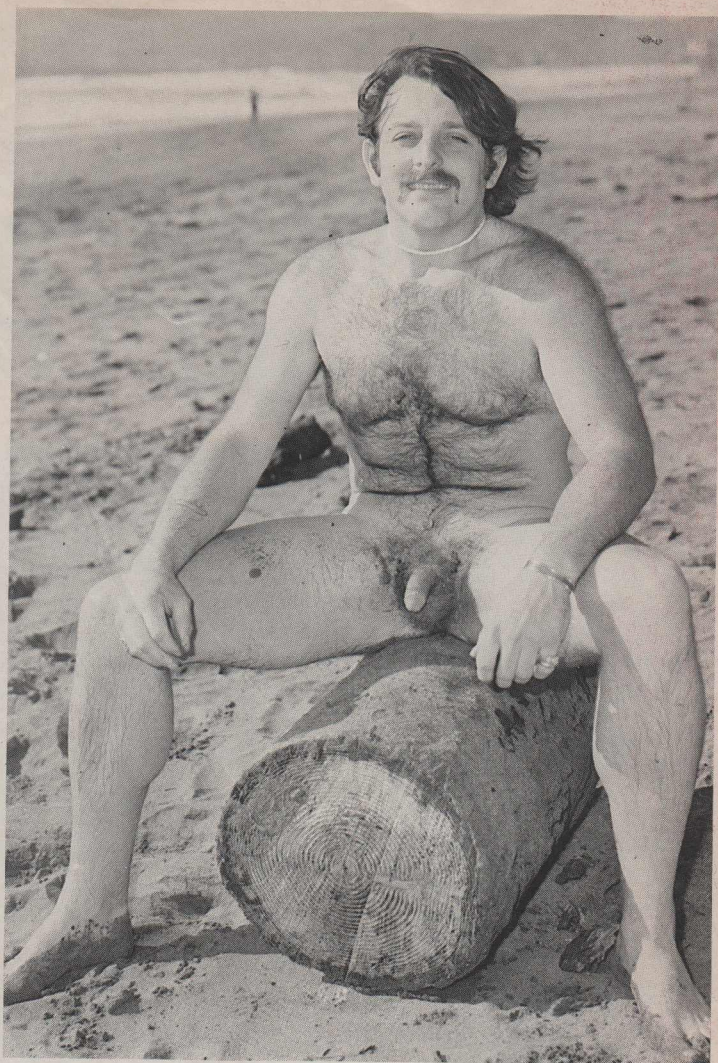
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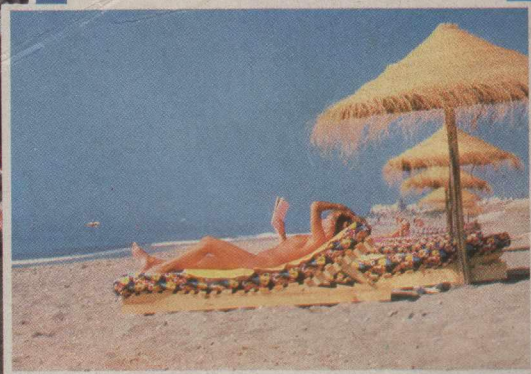
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